the weekly
Standard

JUNE 28, 1999 • $3.50

THE END OF NATURE AND THE NEXT MAN
FERGUSON ON FUKUYAMA

Ex-Con

The Remarkable Second Career of Chuck Colson

by Joe Loconte

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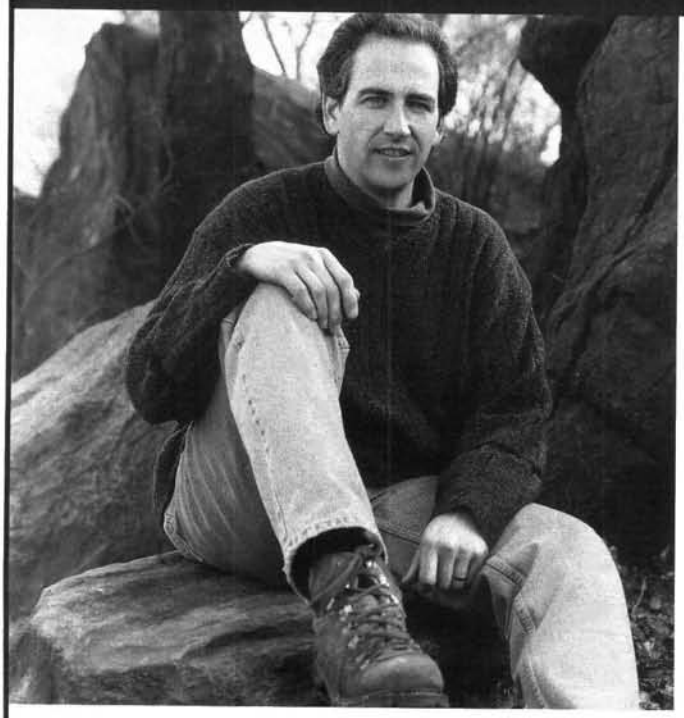

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The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly (except the second week in April, the second week in July, the last week in August, and the first week in January) by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-303-776-3605 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.50. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is 1-202-293-4900. Advertising Production: Call Ian Slatter 1-202-496-3354. Copyright 1999, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

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A Chip Off the Old Bush Block

Maureen Dowd buried the lead in her *New York Times* column last week. You had to slog through the jokes about Al Gore—"so feminized and diversified and ecologically correct, he's practically lactating"—to get to the really good stuff; i.e., her chat with George W. Bush at the Bush family home in Kennebunkport, where they were celebrating the old man's 75th birthday. Gov. Bush revealed himself to Dowd as, well, a late-nineties version of his father. He's not the world's smoothest off-the-cuff speaker, but he's exceedingly in touch with how he feels about how he's doing at playing his important role in the scheme of things:

"All I can tell you," George W. told Dowd, "is I was fairly anxious for the week leading up to this, but when I got up there in Cedar Rapids, it felt good. I think that's an interesting measurement.

"I'm telling you, people out there, they're looking for something—dignity, integrity, optimism, big themes [the vision thing?]. I know what I believe in. I believe the big issues are going to be China and Russia. There will be moments when situations, incidents will flare up. It's important for the president to think globally. But in the long run, security in the world is going to be how do we deal with China and how do we deal with Russia. People think the Russian situation, or used to think, Russia was not an issue. It's a huge issue. But if the East Timorians decide to revolt, I'm sure I'll have a statement.

"I think what's important for you to know is that I feel I know what to do. I really do. I may not be able to tell you exactly the nuance of the East Timorian situation but I'll ask Condy Rice or I'll ask Paul Wolfowitz or I'll ask Dick Cheney. I'll ask the people who've had experience.

"I'm smart enough to know what I don't know and I have good judgment about who will either be telling me the truth or has got some agenda that is not a right agenda. And I'm tough enough to tell somebody to kiss off if they're trying to put one over on me or on the country."

The Scrapbook is reassured that Bush feels he knows what to do, especially those key presidential skills of issuing statements in response to crises and being tough enough to tell an adviser to kiss off. Just one question: If, say, Condy and Paul should ever disagree, who gets to break the tie?

In Praise of Bipartisanship

After months in which the mainstream press bemoaned the excessive partisanship in Washington, there were a couple of strikingly bipartisan votes in the House last week. Funny thing, though: This new spirit of bipartisanship went utterly unappreciated.

In one instance, Michigan's John Dingell, the senior Democrat in the House, made common cause with supposed über-partisan Republican Tom DeLay of Texas to pass a gun-control measure that was less strict than the Senate's and, hence, deeply disappointing to the White House, not to mention all the gun-controllers in the media. Dingell brought along with him a substantial contingent of 45 Democrats who joined with 173 Republicans in passing the bill—which is about as bipartisan as it gets these days.

A second instance: 45 Democrats also joined 203 Republicans to pass the Ten Commandments Defense Act, which restores to the states the freedom to post the Ten Commandments in government buildings, including schools. (The bill, by the way, was a small victory for the Gary Bauer campaign. Bauer had worked last year on crafting the measure with its sponsor, Republican Robert Aderholt of Alabama.) But again, there was negligible praise for the spirit of comity that saw so many Democrats crossing the aisle.

All of this is something to bear in mind the next time you hear a lament about the "death of bipartisanship." Apparently "real" bipartisanship is when House Republicans join the "Democratic" side, not when Democrats cross over.

The debate on the Ten Commandments bill also led to the solecism of the year: Democrat Nita Lowey of New York opposed it because, she said, "I cannot superimpose my views on other people"—something, The Scrapbook suspects, that only superliberals worry about.

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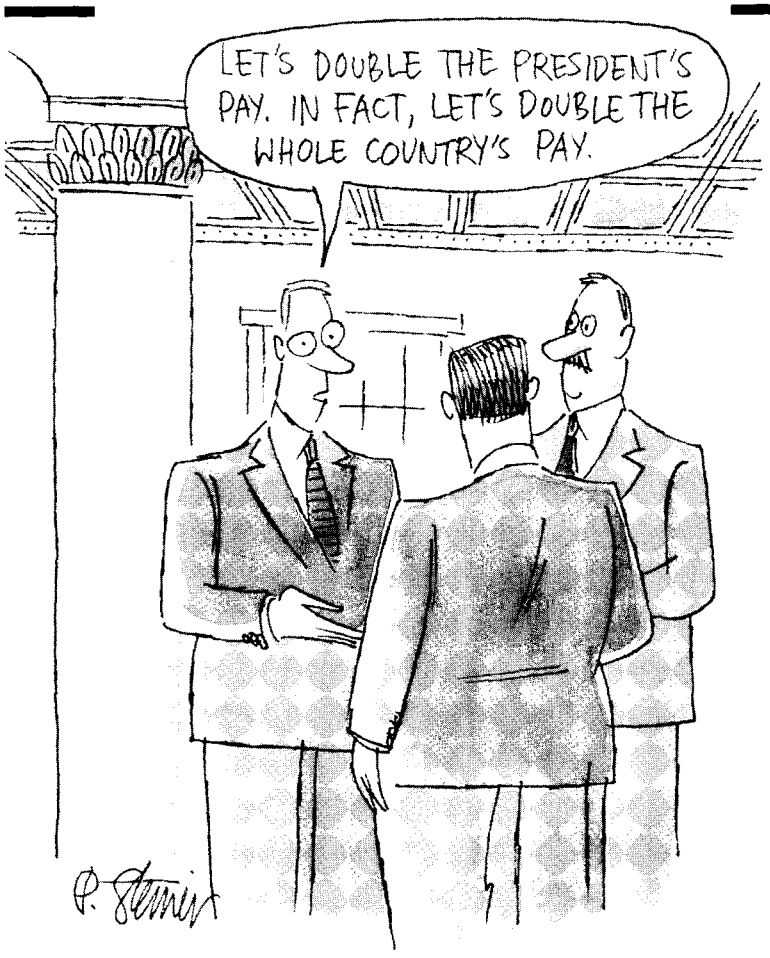

Al Gore's Situational Ethics

As a service to readers, The Scrapbook sat through the entire Diane Sawyer interview of Al Gore last week just to bring you these highlights. One highlight, actually:

> Sawyer: You said [during last fall's impeachment debate] that misleading statements are very different from lying. Is that the article of faith that you want to run your presidential campaign on?
> Gore: Well, no, of course not. That's—that's in the context of the effort by—a partisan effort, what I felt was a partisan effort in the Congress to remove [President Clinton] from office.

So, there you have it. As long as the presidential election remains nonpartisan, we can expect Al Gore to be truthful. But if it turns partisan, all bets are off.

Down the Hatch

Don't look now, but another high-profile Republican is about to enter the presidential campaign: Orrin Hatch. Sometime before the end of the month, the veteran senator from Utah will announce his bid for the White House. The Scrapbook tried to reach Hatch last week to talk about his strategy, but he wasn't taking calls, and there are scant details available about his candidacy. Given his success over the past decade in infuriating conservatives over everything from working with Ted Kennedy to laying out a censure deal for Bill Clinton, to say nothing of his late start and lack of an obvious distinctive message, it's difficult to envision Hatch's faring well in the primaries. And even he seems to recognize this. He recently told the *Deseret News*, his hometown Salt Lake City daily, "If I decide to run, I know it's a long shot."

Not a Penny for NED?

The Senate Appropriations Committee has zeroed out funding for the National Endowment for Democracy, which was launched by President Reagan in 1983 to help build up and consolidate new democracies around the world. Republican Judd Gregg suggested the administration could find NED's requested $32 million by reallocating State Department funds. As a former board member of the endowment, Secretary of State Albright may well take the hint and shift the funds rather than let the organization die. But this is a shabby way for conservatives to treat a worthy Reagan legacy.

The National Endowment for Democracy works because, while accountable to Congress, it operates at arm's length from the U.S. government. It can help build democracy in nations where the United States has no diplomatic relations. And where democratic forces need rapid help, it can act with a dispatch unusual for government bureaucracies. With State Department funding, NED would lose these virtues.

It's not as if some small-government balanced-budget principle were at stake here. According to a *Wall Street Journal* story last week, Gregg may deliver as much as $26 million in new federal funds to Dartmouth College, in his home state of New Hampshire. Dartmouth is a private school with an endowment of $1.5 billion. Surely the cause of supporting democracy around the world is at least as deserving.

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WHAT VICTORY?

After reading William Kristol and Robert Kagan's editorial, I realized that the transformation of THE WEEKLY STANDARD's editorial staff from conservative to liberal is now complete ("Victory," June 14). It sounded like something one would read in the liberal mainstream press. It also sounded like the writers thought that the war, such as it was, is over, which it is not, and that the objectives of the war have been achieved, which they have not. They also failed to mention that because of our inept political and military leadership, Milosevic has been able to accomplish his goal of the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo, at a terrible cost in human suffering.

When 19 NATO nations have difficulty controlling what goes on in an area about the size of Los Angeles County, we have big problems. It is not a time of celebration, as your editors seem to think.

VICTOR R. POOL
WEST HILLS, CA

William Kristol and Robert Kagan's "Victory" editorial is an insult to the rank and file American people. Of course, they are entitled to their opinion, but how dare they insult our intelligence by declaring a "triumph for American power and principle." So now it is our principle to engage in military action where we have not been invited, when we take it upon ourselves to intervene in the affairs of a sovereign nation?

Please consider answering the following questions, so we will all have a better understanding of what should be considered a "victory":

Is it victory to leave Milosevic in power? Is it victory to negotiate terms with an indicted war criminal? (I thought the victors dictated the terms of surrender.) Is it victory when our bombing assisted Milosevic in emptying Kosovo of hundreds of thousands of Albanians, which was his goal in the first place? Is it victory when we are going to have to station 7,000 or more troops in Kosovo for an indefinitely long time to keep the peace? Perhaps Kristol and Kagan would care to explain this upcoming deployment to the mothers and fathers who will have their sons and daughters involved in the peacekeeping operation.

ROBERT ROBINSON
QUEENSBURY, NY

The "Victory" editorial by William Kristol and Robert Kagan misses the big item. The loser in this war is, again, the American Constitution. Constitutionally, only Congress can declare war. Constitutionally, the Senate has to ratify treaties. Treaties cannot morph themselves into something else; specifically, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization cannot change its mission from a defensive alliance to an aggressive armed force intervening in a separate

country's civil war without a treaty amendment ratified by the U.S. Senate. But it has. This is a bad and disturbing precedent.

WILLIAM WEISS
FLUSHING, OH

I thought William Kristol and Robert Kagan's victory in Kosovo proclamation was a trifle premature, coming as it did before a cease-fire, but now our boy president assures us that he has indeed won a great victory there. It's a pity, of course, that the Russians are misbehaving again—perhaps they missed the victory issue.

JAMES H. ZEIGLER
LEMON GROVE, CA

DEAN OF PORNOGRAPHY

I am disturbed that THE WEEKLY STANDARD would print an article such as Dennis Prager's, which belongs in some far more liberal publication than one which purports to "raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair" ("Divinity and Pornography," June 14). If Prager's article were satirical it might be excusable, for he shows nicely the hypocrisy of the left on a range of counts. But if the principles of the left are wrong (as most surely they are), then would that more liberals were hypocrites! Alas, rather than criticize the misguided principles of the left, Prager would seem to have liberals (and conservatives?) follow them more consistently. Indeed, his article is a ringing endorsement of new liberalism on a number of points.

First, Prager's insouciant dismissal of pornography as harmless "boys will be boys" play is misguided. The "plain fact" is that most men who enjoy looking at scantily clad women usually feel a bit dirty when they do it, especially when their wives or mothers find out. Nor is this phenomenon of shame culturally determined; it is no mistake that immediately upon eating the forbidden fruit, Adam and Eve realize they are naked and cover themselves, with apparent approval by God. Pornography endangers human beings by transforming them from persons (subjects with intelligence and free will) into objects for the satisfaction of self-centered desire. Thus it is not surprising that criminologists have discovered a high correlation between pornography and certain kinds of violent crime. Sorry, but the feminists are correct on this one.

Second, Prager claims that this case involves a "deprivation of privacy." Does he know that word does not exist in the Constitution, that it is a figment of the Supreme Court's imagination? Ostensibly he believes that "private" morality has no bearing on public life, as did the Court when it recklessly undermined both the Constitution and the deliberate majority of the American people.

In accepting the liberal definition of liberty, Prager removes himself from the camp of George Washington (quoted above), who stated in his Farewell Address that "religion and morality are

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indispensable supports" to public prosperity.

Third, Prager perpetuates the error that the Clinton impeachment was about sex. No (for the umpteenth time!), the trial was about perjury and obstruction of justice. Nonetheless, are these not the fruits of one who would violate the sacred vow of marriage (as the use of pornography surely does, I might add)?

Finally, doesn't Harvard, as a private institution, have a right to uphold a moral code among its faculty? In any case, Dean Thiemann certainly had no "right" to his position. Would Prager force Harvard by law to keep Dean Thiemann on the faculty against its wishes?

No, Prager does not seem to be bothered by public intrusions into private property, and he is assiduous to defend the right of individuals to engage in disgraceful and immoral behavior. What new liberal would disagree? Fortunately, Dean Thiemann had the honor to resign, doing himself, Harvard, and the nation a great service.

NATHAN SCHLUETER
IRVING, TX

Dennis Prager is on target in his defense of privacy, and there he should have stayed. He quickly finds himself on shaky ground in his defense of pornography. According to him, the viewing, enjoyment, and collecting of pornography is normal male heterosexual activity—and a perfectly harmless one at that. He further states that the men who consume it do not look upon those women as sexual objects. (Really! Just what are they looking at them as, intellectual challenges?) And then he equates society's distaste for pornography with an attack on heterosexual men—a non sequitur.

Would Prager encourage women to pursue a career in porn? Would he welcome porn shops in his neighborhood? Doubtful. Yet he would qualify as a hetero-basher by his own definition.

Downloading, collecting, and viewing pornography at work may be more stupid than immoral. Still, the stupidity of Dean Thiemann's act does not make pornography benign. Privacy should ensure that one can engage in all the socially acceptable (legal) behavior one wants (why were those technicians perusing Thiemann's files?), but typically that protection does not extend to work, nor does it make things like pornography acceptable.

JOAN ADAMS
NEW YORK, NY

In "Divinity and Pornography," Dennis Prager, along with Alan Dershowitz (strange bedfellows indeed), assails the Harvard Divinity School for extracting the resignation of Ronald Thiemann as dean. He then spends several hundred words attacking the reasons for this action, not as stated by the school, but as (supposedly) set forth by "[T]hose who defend Harvard's position. . ."

Leaving aside the slipperiness of this approach, Prager proceeds to bloviate that the school has violated Thiemann's "privacy" right to load pornography onto his office computer; that Thiemann is the victim of some vast left-wing conspiracy of politically correct academics holding that heterosexual males indulging in cyber-peep are misogynists; and that all this represents some assault on the nature of the human heterosexual male.

Prager could have used a shave by Occam's razor. We needn't assume more complex (or, as here, cosmic) reasons to explain a thing when a simple one will do. Try this: Thiemann's office computer is used by him when he is supposed to be working there, doing his deanly duties. When you're on company time, you should be doing the company's work, not tickling your fancies by looking at computer images of naked ladies.

JAMES L. WILCOX
SHERMAN OAKS, CA

Dennis Prager aptly uses the concept of "heterophobia" to explain the forced resignation of the dean of Harvard's Divinity School. But it would have been decent to at least acknowledge the deep intellectual debt owed to Daphne Patai, whose recent book, *Heterophobia: Sexual Harassment and the Future of Feminism*, provides the entire analytical basis for Prager's article. Prager knows the debt well, since he interviewed Patai for an hour-long radio show on April 5.

ROBERT M. COSTRELL
AMHERST, MA

DENNIS PRAGER RESPONDS: ***The fact is that this issue troubled me when I wrote the article. On the one hand, Daphne Patai wrote a marvelous book,* Heterophobia, *to which I devoted an entire hour on my radio show. On the other hand, I have spoken about feminist hostility to male heterosexual nature for years, and since she did not discuss pornography, but rather sexual harassment, I felt that I was in no way appropriating an idea. Nevertheless, in retrospect I wish I had cited Daphne Patai and her important book, and I apologize to her for not doing so.***

UKRAINIAN EXODUS

Arnold Beichman's article was hurtful and misleading ("Ukraine: Back to the Future," June 7). Ukraine and Russia are two different nations. It is wrong to attribute to Ukraine anti-Semitic activity occurring in Russia. Ukraine has a tiny anti-Semitic UNA party; America, too, has its KKK, its Louis Farrakhan, and its David Duke. Anti-Semitism does not have the support of the Ukrainian government, churches, or populace.

It is true that Jews are leaving Ukraine for Israel. They are doing so because of the bleak Ukrainian economy, not because of persecution. It is important to note that Ukraine is becoming a haven and transit point for departing Jews from all over the former Soviet Union.

ROMAN BOMBAK
EDMONTON, CANADA

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Casual

ROLODEATH

I own a Rolodex that I inherited—took, really—from someone dear to me after his death, nearly a decade ago. It is black, plastic, hump-backed like a 1942 Plymouth coupe, and made by a firm called Zephyr American Corp. I don't know how long ago it was manufactured, but it already has that lovely obsolescent look about it, strictly B.C. (Before Computers), as if it came from the age of adding and mimeograph machines. I must have used an address book before I acquired it, and now I use a computer to record all my e-mail addresses. I should probably toss it out, but find I cannot bring myself to do so. Even though barely a decade in my possession, it contains too much of my history.

I wish I could tell you that it is a power Rolodex—powerful in the sense of recording many of the great names of the past half century. Mine does have a few good names—mostly of writers, editors, and intellectuals, with one famous painter—but no really knock-out, this-one-will-get-your-attention-Howard names. The Rolodex of a man or woman who has lived any sort of public life ought to provide a preview, or coming attraction, for the rich index of his or her autobiography. Mine, I fear, disappoints. No cards for Cary Grant, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Sir Georg Solti, Picasso's last wife, Paul Valéry's grandson, though it does have a card for one English lord (alas, a mere life peer), one United States senator, and one person who has had a sex-change operation.

In fact, my Rolodex has cards for a number of people whose names I do not myself recall: ephemeral sub-editors of the *New York Times Book Review*, men who install stereo equipment, a shop (long defunct) that sold juggling equipment. As a quondam teacher, I have too many students in this Rolodex. I'm not sure why I bothered to record their names and phone numbers, since no one is more difficult to reach by phone than students, that transient class which is also, in my view, easily the world's most unreliable ethnic group.

This Rolodex reveals a man no longer in the flush or rush of youth. The names of several doctors are in it: cardiologists, rheumatologists, internists, dentists, but not yet (touch wood) any oncologist or shrink. (Physicians heal thyselves, is my motto, but, if you don't mind, heal me first.) There are too many nice people whom I haven't called in several years, a harsh reminder that I am not the most constant of friends, and a few with whom I have had what now begin to look like permanent fallings-out.

I have the former office phone number of a man with the perfectly appropriate name of Hope who used to work for the MacArthur Foundation. Whenever he left his name on my answering machine, it got my blood running. He has long since left the job, and hope of large windfalls, as well as of a number of other things, has run out for me.

What most impresses me, though, is the number of subtractions, through death, that a run through the cards of my Rolodex shows. Henry James somewhere says that, when one reaches 50, someone he knows dies every day. Not quite statistically true, at least in my case, though as a habitual reader of the *New York Times* obituary pages, I am regularly brought up short by how many people seem to be taking the ten-count that I have either known directly or know about through their connection with friends of mine.

In my own Rolodex, kept over less than ten years, seventeen cards ought to be withdrawn, or at least have black borders drawn around them, to mark the decease of old friends, strong acquaintances, family. I haven't the heart to do either. Quite the reverse, I rather like to come upon these names, allowing memories of these people to wash over me. For some reason, my Rolodex often opens to the card on which is written the name Erich Heller, the continental literary critic, who was hard of hearing and who used inevitably to answer, in his strong Teutonic accent, my phone calls by saying: "Denk you, denk you, very vell—und you?" when in fact I hadn't asked him how he was but had merely announced my name.

One card in particular I cannot remove has the name of a young girl, written in green ink in her own small and elegant hand, a student of mathematics, brilliant and pretty, who turned up in her early twenties a manic-depressive and who, one night, unable to discern any charm in the world whatsoever, leaped from a ninth-story window to her death.

I have no plans ever to write an autobiography. My letters, though great in number, tend to be laconic and not very intimate. But I wonder if there mightn't be a publisher out there wishing to bring out my unexpurgated Rolodex. Interested parties are invited to write to my agent, Mr. Georges Borchardt, Georges Borchardt Inc., 136 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

JOSEPH EPSTEIN

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the weekly Standard

All the President's Backstabbers

There is a scattering of what used to be called hard news in Bob Woodward's latest hot Washington book, *Shadow,* though it is not clear whether anybody—even the author—much notices or cares. For example: Confusion has always surrounded the meaning of President Clinton's violent rage on December 6, 1997, after Secret Service officers at the White House's northwest gate let slip to Monica Lewinsky that her pined-for ex-boyfriend-in-chief was at that very moment meeting privately with another woman, Eleanor Mondale. Critics of the president have theorized that he was at that point already concerned about Lewinsky's potential testimony in the Paula Jones lawsuit—and thus alarmed that jealousy over Mondale might turn Lewinsky against him. Clinton and Bruce Lindsey, however, have insisted under oath that Lewinsky's pending involvement in the case was completely unknown to them until later in the afternoon of December 6, when the president's personal attorney, Robert Bennett, first showed them her name on the plaintiff's official witness list. And no one has been able to establish otherwise.

BOB WOODWARD HAS INDUCED LITERALLY DOZENS OF PRESIDENTIAL AIDES AND LAWYERS TO DUMP ON ONE ANOTHER, BETRAY EXCRUCIATING CONFIDENCES, AND GENERALLY BEHAVE LIKE BOORS.

Until now. *Shadow* reminds us that Bennett had received the witness list by fax at 5:40 P.M. the day before, December 5. The book also reports what the lawyer had done next: "Bennett immediately sent a copy of the witness list to Bruce Lindsey at the White House and another to Clinton"—in *advance* of the Mondale incident. "Bruce," Bennett said, "here's the witness list. Get back to us."

So: Yet another White House lie exploded, this specific explosion implicating the president of the United States once again in perjury and obstruction of justice. Does Woodward grasp the significance of this detail? If so, he has not let on in his book. And if he *had*, would it actually matter to most of his readers? Probably, sadly, no. As a serious political and legal issue, the Lewinsky episode has long since been consigned to history.

Our political class does not look to Bob Woodward for meticulous analysis of such stuff, in any case. It looks to him instead, as it looks to no one else, for juicy fun. And here, as always, the genius interviewer delivers. For in the service of *Shadow*'s insider account of Clinton administration scandal management, Woodward has induced literally dozens of presidential aides and lawyers to dump on one another, betray excruciating first-family confidences, and generally behave like boors. There has never been gossip quite like it. Washington is agog.

But exactly why the city should also claim to be surprised by any of this—and why so much of the surprise should be directed at Robert Bennett—is a curious question. Yes, *Shadow* includes exhaustive reconstructions of highly sensitive conversations between the president and his lawyer, complete with elaborate descriptions of what Bennett's *thoughts* were while he was listening to Clinton talk. Clinton reassures him after Bennett warns, "If you're caught f-ing around in the White House, I'm not good enough to help you." In the search for the elusive "distinguishing characteristic," Bennett asks a series of Clinton's buddies what the president's penis looks like—and then asks the president himself. Bennett tells Clinton that he thinks the president has lied to him about a past affair with Arkansas business executive Marilyn Jo Jenkins.

All of which business is strictly privileged, a sanctionable violation of bar association rules if disclosed by a personal lawyer, without authorization

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from his client, to any third party. We know that the client in this case, Bill Clinton, did not grant Bob Woodward an interview. We cannot believe that Clinton would ever endorse public dissemination of such embarrassments. And so, for the identity of Woodward's single "knowledgeable source" here, we are left with only one likely suspect, acting unilaterally and therefore unethically. What, everyone wonders, did Bob Bennett imagine he was *doing* when he spilled this way to the nation's most famous reporter?

He probably imagined what every other heedless "knowledgeable source" cited in Woodward's footnotes imagined: that he would never get caught, because when it came time actually to write it all down, the nation's most famous reporter would try a little harder to disguise who had told him what. Didn't happen. Now it's too late. Bennett, more than anyone, must be panicked out of his mind.

Or at least the talk-show gabsters believe he should be. It seems to have escaped their attention that in *Shadow* many other people have failed to keep secrets much more damaging to Bill and Hillary. Clinton, the book reports, in what he no doubt thought was a private post-confession phone conversation with James Carville, was grief-stricken that his wife "is not going to forgive me." Mrs. Clinton, in similarly private conversations with various "women friends" late last summer, desperately attempted to convince herself that the Lewinsky affair was only sex to her husband—not true "partnership." And so on and endlessly on. Each of which revelations comes from a "knowledgeable source" whose behavior is manifestly caddish and whose identity appears transparently obvious.

THIS IS NOT BY ANY STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION RUN-OF-THE-MILL STAFF-LEVEL "LEAKING." IT IS A BETRAYAL OF THE CLINTONS, BY THEIR PUTATIVE ALLIES, ON A CHILLING SCALE. BUT WHY SHOULD THAT BE A SURPRISE?

Bennett's, for that matter, is not even the book's most devastating violation of attorney-client confidentiality. That honor must be reserved to Sydney Hoffman, one of the new lawyers retained by Monica Lewinsky after she sacked William Ginsburg in early June 1998. Right off the bat, Hoffman spent five hours debriefing her client. And she quickly concluded, according to Woodward, that Lewinsky was "delusional" and suffering from a "deep obsession." Then, Hoffman consulted a number of psychiatrists, who persuaded her that it was "highly possible that Lewinsky had a form of Clara Bow syndrome, named after the famous silent film actress who couldn't say no." Or "perhaps Lewinsky had erotomania, an abnormally strong sexual desire." Nice of Hoffman—sorry, a "knowledgeable source"—to pass this on.

And leaving the brutality of private-sector lawyers behind for a moment, what of the *official* attorneys so prominently involved in last year's scandal? From the very beginning, these men and women, from White House Counsel Charles F.C. Ruff on down, loudly proclaimed that the confidentiality of *their* advice to Bill Clinton was a matter not just of ancient legal ethics, but of constitutional importance. If Kenneth Starr's grand jury forced them to reveal the substance of their guidance, then the presidency as an institution would be grievously harmed.

But again and again in *Shadow*, Woodward quotes these very same White House lawyers acknowledging in private, *at the time*, that the privilege they were asserting in public was fictitious. And, as if to prove that the privilege was also trivial—and to compound the hypocrisy—"knowledgeable sources" now explain to Bob Woodward the very things they tried to withhold from Starr. Clinton's exposure in *Shadow* by his own staff lawyers—who mock and disbelieve him behind his back whenever they take a break from savaging one another—is every bit as pornographic, in its way, as anything in the independent counsel's report.

No, this is not by any stretch of the imagination run-of-the-mill staff-level "leaking." It is a betrayal of the president and his wife, by their putative allies, on a chilling scale. But again, we ask: Why should it genuinely surprise anyone? Bill Clinton is an uncommonly dishonorable man. It stands to reason that he would be "supported," if that's the word for it, by equally dishonorable aides.

Is there anything new, then, about dishonor in the Age of Clinton, and does *Shadow* have anything to tell us about it? Yes there is, and yes it does. In one truly depressing passage of the book, former Clinton scandal spokesman Mark Fabiani, among the few administration officials to speak to Woodward on the record, describes how it was that he came to take his thankless job in the first place. Harold Ickes summoned him to the White House and demanded that he abandon his post at the Department of Housing and Urban Development to come on board. Fabiani initially said no; he liked

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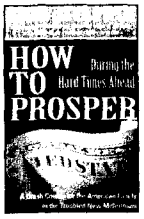

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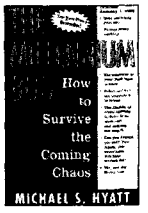

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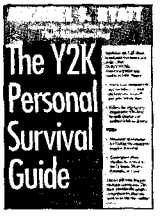

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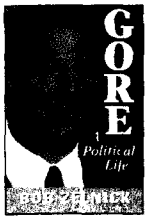

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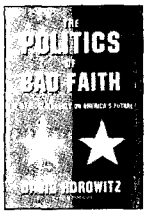

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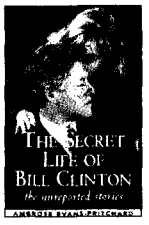

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the job he already had. So Ickes bluntly threatened to get him fired. And while Fabiani was collecting himself from this shock, Ickes offered another blandishment. "Look," Ickes pointed out, "the president *needs* to be reelected."

"Mulling it over," Woodward reports, "Fabiani decided he had to get beyond Ickes's threat about losing his current job. It was despicable, but Ickes's later arguments were compelling."

There you have it: Ickes's later arguments were compelling. If throwing in with people you know to be despicable, and defending their lies and lying some yourself in the bargain . . . if this is what's necessary to win, well, *then it's okay*.

You would not think individuals at the highest level of our government would ever say anything like this out loud. You would not think, for example, that Vice President Gore could, without apparent embarrassment on national television last week, so coolly explain why he is now prepared to denounce as "inexcusable" presidential behavior he vigorously defended not six months ago. His now inoperative denials that the president was lying about Monica Lewinsky, according to Gore, must be understood "in the context of . . . what I felt was a partisan effort in the Congress to remove him from office." I didn't believe it, that is to say, but pretending I did was necessary to win.

And does Washington seem at all surprised that such situational ethics is explicitly asserted as an appropriate element of the nation's public life? No, it does not. That, perhaps, is the biggest and worst surprise of all.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Bush and the Litmus Test

by Fred Barnes

George W. Bush expected to be asked about appointing anti-abortion judges at the first press conference of his presidential campaign on June 14. The night before, chief Bush strategist Karl Rove told at least one reporter that Bush was ready with an answer. No, he wouldn't pick judges by the single standard of whether they oppose abortion and are ready to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, the 1973 Supreme Court decision that legalized abortion. And that's what Bush said when the first two questions were on exactly this subject. "There is no litmus test except for whether or not judges will strictly interpret the Constitution," he declared. Bush and his advisers hoped this would take the wind out of the issue and end the media's harping on abortion. It didn't—quite the contrary.

George W. Bush

Kevin Chadwick

Why didn't it? The reason is Bush's handling of abortion is too cute. He's trying to square a circle by appealing to both sides of the abortion debate at the same time. Sure, he's pro-life and always has been. He favors a constitutional amendment banning abortion in all cases except rape, incest, and saving the life of the mother. And just a week before the press conference, he had signed into law, as governor of Texas, a requirement that parents be notified if their teenage daughter is seeking an abortion. Substantively, this was a marginal gain for the pro-life cause. But politically and symbolically, it was important, and Bush had fought hard to achieve it.

The cuteness comes in when Bush explains his position. His aim is to hold onto anti-abortion voters while not alienating moderately pro-choice voters. (He has no illusions about winning over the unswerving, abortion-on-demand crowd.) Bush and his advisers think the issue is a minefield to be tiptoed through rather than one, like compassionate conservatism, on which Bush can make political headway. They regard abortion as an issue with potential only for harm. So he doesn't bring up abortion on his own. It's never mentioned, for instance, in his stump speech. When asked, however, he has two options. He can stress his

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opposition to abortion, the pro-life side. Or he can emphasize how magnanimous he is toward those who don't agree with him. This is his non-dogmatic or pro-tolerance side. At the press conference, held in New Castle, New Hampshire, and attended by scores of reporters and 34 TV cameras, Bush tilted pro-tolerance. And he continued to do so in TV interviews.

There was a price to pay for this. First, it rejuvenated the campaigns of Bush's conservative rivals in the GOP presidential race by giving them an issue on which to attack Bush and attract press attention. Gary Bauer, for example, had prompted the questions on abortion in the first place by challenging Bush to promise to appoint only judges who oppose abortion and, presumably, favor reversing *Roe* v. *Wade*. After the press conference, Bauer said Bush's comments "represent an abject retreat in the 25-year fight to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*." Pat Buchanan said Bush's stance was "grossly inadequate." Dan Quayle insisted he would name pro-life judges. Steve Forbes said he'd pick judges who believe in "the sanctity of life."

Worse, there were private complaints to the Bush campaign that he'd gone too far in appeasing pro-choice voters. This may have prompted the spin that Bush was victimized by an unfortunate choice of words: "no litmus test." It's true Bush repeated that phrase after a reporter used it in his question. And it's also true that the phrase is deployed by liberals and the media against pro-life Republicans. (They never zing President Clinton for having an explicit litmus test in nominating only pro-*Roe* judges.) But "no litmus test" actually does reflect Bush's position. "He doesn't believe in litmus tests," says an adviser. "He's said that right along. He's happy with that. It is the correct response."

More aggravating to Bush, his handling of questions on abortion whetted the media's appetite to ask him more, and it's a subject he's not eager to hold forth on. Not that the press needed much whetting. Bush got three questions on abortion last March after announcing his presidential exploratory committee, and Ron Fournier of the Associated Press followed up in an interview the next day with more questions. Reporters, of course, rarely badger Democrats on abortion. But they love going after Republicans who seem uncertain, conflicted, or uneasy in discussing the issue. Bush, for instance, is reluctant to state his view of *Roe* v. *Wade*. Last August, I asked him three times if he'd like to see *Roe* overturned. Each time, he was unresponsive, saying merely that it wouldn't be reversed anytime soon. More often than not, Bush's answers on abortion invite more questions.

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Hours after the New Hampshire press conference, Carl Cameron of Fox News Channel inquired why Bush isn't actively pushing for enactment of the constitutional amendment barring abortion. "There are not votes to pass a constitutional amendment," Bush said. "You can push it, but it's like pushing against a brick wall. I mean, America's not ready for a constitutional amendment. . . . We can play like [the votes are] there, but they're not there. One of these days hopefully it will happen. But I'll lead, I'm a leader."

Two things are wrong with his answer. Support for abortion is hardly a brick wall. In fact, opinion has shifted in the late 1990s toward the pro-life position. The pro-choice majority has vanished, dropping from 56 percent in 1996 to 48 percent now in a *USA Today*/CNN poll. Folks who identify themselves as pro-life rose from 36 percent to 42 percent. And Bush's definition of leadership is painfully constricted. The greatest moments in politics come when leaders push against walls. This happened on civil rights, on welfare reform, on the Berlin Wall itself. Even his father, President Bush, pushed against a wall in assembling an international force against Iraq in 1991.

THE GREATEST MOMENTS IN POLITICS COME WHEN LEADERS PUSH AGAINST WALLS. THIS HAPPENED ON CIVIL RIGHTS, ON WELFARE REFORM, ON THE BERLIN WALL ITSELF.

The day after the New Hampshire press conference, the matter of leadership arose again when Bush was asked by Candy Crowley of CNN about his refusal to support a litmus test. "My hopes are that every child, every unborn child is protected by law and welcomed to life," he said. "And I believe that and I feel that strongly. I also recognize that I'm talking about an ideal world, and we don't live in an ideal world right now. So in the meantime . . . we need a leader to bring people to understand the importance of banning partial-birth abortion, having parental-notification laws, not spending taxpayer money on abortion." But no leadership is needed on these abortion-related issues. These are precisely the areas where the public is already overwhelmingly on board.

Bush aides claim they're content to have Bush attacked by both pro-life absolutists and pro-abortion zealots. I doubt it. Bush doesn't want abortion to be a high-visibility issue in the campaign, and the attacks tend to keep it visible. "It's an important issue," he told Candy Crowley. "There are a lot of important issues." To make the issue recede, Bush would have to stop being cute. He won't be taken seriously as a principled foe of abortion if he continues to imply he'll do little to disturb the status quo. Better to make the case for a constitutional amendment than to endorse it and then declare it unattainable. The latter approach raises still another question for reporters to ask. Why doesn't Bush have the courage of his pro-life convictions?

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE FORBES $1,000

by David Brooks

New York

FOUR YEARS AGO, STEVE FORBES hosted a triumphant fund-raiser at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. It was a large, well-orchestrated event, and Forbes delivered a stirring speech that gave his newborn presidential campaign instant credibility. Last Thursday, Forbes held another big fund-raising dinner at the Waldorf. It was a success financially, raising over $1 million. But the reviews from the people at the tables were not glowing. "Wasn't that awful?" one big-name conservative asked when I bumped into him in the hallway afterwards. "That was awful," a Wall Street guy complained, when we ducked into the hotel bar to catch a little of the Knicks game. "I'm sure I've been at a worse political event at some point in my life," a longtime Forbes loyalist noted, "but at the moment I can't remember one."

These instant reactions overstate the case, and it's silly to judge a whole campaign by one speech, especially this early in the season. Steve Forbes has proven he can be a formidable presidential candidate. He is the most effective spokesman for some of the party's best policy ideas, like Social Security reform.

Nonetheless, the stumble last Thursday is inter-

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esting, for two reasons. First, it shows what can happen when an ideas-based candidate tries to turn himself into a professional campaigner, complete with marketing gimmicks and packaging strategies. And second, the event says something about the state of conservatism. Because while the GOP establishment has flocked to George W. Bush, Forbes is the candidate of the *conservative* establishment. Forbes has spent his life championing conservative ideas, and activists and idea mavens admire him. On policy grounds, Forbes is closer to the right-leaning think tanks, magazines, and editorial pages than any of the other candidates. So the fate of Forbes's campaign is an indicator of the health of the conservative movement.

First the packaging and presentation. It's already clear that it is going to be harder this year for candidates to wow fund-raiser audiences than it has ever been. In past years, people who plunked down $1,000 for a chicken dinner were probably pretty committed to the candidate. But these days, the Dow is near 11,000, and for a lot of people a $1,000 donation is not that big a deal. So if a client or colleague leans on them to buy a plate at a dinner, they do it, even if they're not that enthusiastic about the candidate. The audiences this year will not be so easy.

Steve Forbes

Kent Lemon

And on Thursday night, Forbes did little to prime them. All the other speakers (and there were many) delivered their remarks from behind the lectern. But Forbes pulled a half-Liddy. He stood away from the lectern in the middle of the stage, which was bare but for the two TelePrompTers. The effect of seeing him up there alone in full body view was to magnify any awkwardness, especially the fact that Forbes had no place to put his hands. Forbes now speaks like someone who has been overcoached, who is trying to remember the pre-choreographed hand gestures and the by-the-book vocal inflections he has been taught. In 1996, Forbes was appealing because he was not a professional politician. He was running because no one else was advancing his ideas. Now he presents himself as a professional campaigner, just not a polished one, complete with all the career-politician clichés, like balloons and streamers that drop down at the end of the speech, and standard stump phrases like, "I am running for president because I want the American people to win."

Another problem was that though the dinner started at 7:30, Forbes didn't get up to speak until 10:00. A series of speakers came before him to tell us what a good man Forbes is. Some of these speakers—like Ohio secretary of state Ken Blackwell and Godfather's Pizza chairman Herman Cain—were magnificent, but some were not so good. A ranch owner from Montana said Forbes has the "skill set" to be president. She praised him by saying he personally knows his dry cleaner. Furthermore, there was a longish campaign video that showed even more people—like Armstrong Williams, Walter Williams, and Caspar Weinberger—extolling Forbes's virtues. The combined effect was numbing. Judging from this event and the early TV ads, the Forbes people think they need to humanize their guy in order to get people to listen to his ideas. But it's hard to run a campaign filled with lavish praise for the candidate when everybody knows that the candidate is paying for most of it himself.

Flaws in presentation can at least be addressed, and these may have just reflected Forbes on a bad night—all candidates have them. The ideological

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problem is more troubling. There was something missing in the substance of the candidate's speech, and the lack reflected a deficiency not just of Forbes but of contemporary conservatism. The problem lies not in specific policies. Forbes has deemphasized the flat tax this year and emphasized issues like Social Security reform, health care choice, and school choice. These are all great issues, and Forbes knows the substance better than anyone. The problem was in the way he tried to connect the policies to a larger vision.

Thematically, the speech was flat—which George W. Bush's kickoff speech (all theme) was not. To understand this, it helps to remember that the conservative movement has been out of step with America for the past four years. During the 1995 budget fight, conservatives hungered for aggressive slashing of government. The country did not. During Lewinsky, conservatives hungered for impeachment. The country did not. In essence, much of the movement still longs for the conservative revolution that seemed in the offing in 1994 but never came about. The country is off in another direction.

The Bush, Dole, McCain, and Bauer campaigns have at least made efforts to adapt to the electorate of the moment. But Forbes has essentially stuck with the GOP theme of 1994. The key word in the Forbes campaign is "freedom." That was the theme of the Gingrich moment: The government should "Leave Us Alone." Hillary and her regulators should get off our backs. But post-Lewinsky and post-Littleton, it hardly seems that America's problem is that we are not free enough. Rather it seems that American culture lacks self-control, real standards, and respected authority figures. The emphasis on freedom and emancipation seems out of step with the times.

The Forbes campaign may right itself and go on to capture the nomination. But if things don't go well, the conservative establishment will have to ask itself some hard questions. Has the movement ossified? Is it out of step with the times? Why do the politicians who are most intimately connected with the think tanks and idea journals, like Newt Gingrich, Dan Quayle, Phil Gramm, and Steve Forbes, fail in the national arena, while those who remain at some distance from the conservative establishment succeed?

David Brooks is a senior editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

BACK TO BELGRADE

by Stefan Halper

Belgrade

JUST MONTHS AGO, the Hotel Metropole in downtown Belgrade was bustling with tourists, journalists, a travel service, a hair salon, and a nightclub. Now, it is dingy, cavernous—and empty. A desk clerk staring at rows of keys on hooks over vacant-room numbers wonders whether the bombing will really stop. The manager, remembering me from an autumn visit, offers a shot of slivovitz and adds, "Ten years, three wars—it's a catastrophe." In the bar—usually open until 4:00 A.M., now closing at dinner time—the bartender, a Harry Hope double from O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," says "I'm here 17 years, now I'm 52—it's all finished." Reflecting disgust and relief, and convinced of bad times ahead, he says there's nothing for him here, maybe there's work in Germany. All of this from the staff of a hotel partly owned by Mira Markovic, the president's wife.

Milosevic is edging into Ceausescu country. He'd be a goner today were it up to the average Radovan and Natasha. But the Balkans has its own rhythm.

Taxi drivers, on learning I am an American, hold Clinton and Milosevic jointly responsible for a senseless war. A banker who has met Milosevic several times repeats the mantra "three wars in ten years," adding, "We've lost them all—it's insanity."

This is a city on edge, self-pitying, mired in anger, unable to connect the war's causes with its results. Only a few I spoke to could see past Milosevic and the crumpled economy to a murky future in Europe. Nor, with Russian troops rumbling through Belgrade, were people aware that NATO is occupying Kosovo. Even fewer knew that Milosevic has been indicted for war crimes by the Hague tribunal—issues that will be back to haunt.

For Milosevic, it's more than a question of whether the center will hold—his survival, in the near term, requires that he find a way to offset and contain pressure from both the nationalist right and Western-oriented left. Equally serious is the alienation of two core institutions, the security forces and the church. Though Milosevic still controls the army and police, there is growing bitterness in the

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ranks. A senior military commander, smarting at the defeat delivered by the Alliance in a war he wanted no part of, told me the army was "embarrassed in the final days by a bloated KLA that acted as NATO's shock troops in southern and western Kosovo." Disputes between the paramilitary police and the military, which were rife before March 24 and then dampened by the bombing, have erupted again with a vengeance.

For its part, the Holy Synod of the Serbian Orthodox Church on June 15 called for a new government, saying: "We demand that the federal president and his government resign in the interest and salvation of the people, so that new officials, acceptable at home and abroad, can take responsibility for the people and their future as a National Salvation Government." The church thus underscored its support for the people and the nation, and separated their interests from those of Milosevic. Interestingly, the church, which is most powerful in the countryside, moved to disassociate itself with Milosevic only one day after deputy premier Vojislav Seselj resigned, distancing his rural-based Serbian Radical party from the government. And so in one week the regime's rural root was bruised, if not broken.

Both Milosevic and the radical nationalist Seselj, who rejected the peace agreement, have exploited the Serb instinct to take defeat as a sort of victory—a syndrome that goes back to the Battle of the Blackbird Fields in Kosovo when the Ottomans overwhelmed Serb defenders in 1389. It was not the defeat that lived on but the heroic struggle to block the Muslim advance that became the stuff of folklore and grade school skits. Both men have artfully elicited these emotions in the past decade, playing on Serb bitterness about sanctions and the country's pariah status in Europe. But for Milosevic, at least, with the public frustrated over the "dismemberment" of Serbia, this gambit is wearing thin.

Factions in Belgrade are hardening, and Milosevic's room for maneuver has sharply narrowed. Some of Belgrade's seasoned tea-leaf readers suspect the Seselj resignation is a Balkan bargain—not at all what it seems. They believe Seselj and Milosevic are joined at the hip, that the resignation is an arrangement allowing Seselj freedom to criticize and draw off rising nationalist emotion. They say Seselj will consolidate the nationalist base but not attempt to topple the government, at least for now. They believe he wants to avoid responsibility for administering the devastated economy and knows, in any case, he would be unacceptable to the West as an aid recipient. Moreover, Milosevic has the keys to a closet full of skeletons and private financial arrangements benefiting Seselj that would be put at risk were he to move against the government.

The resignation, moreover, allows Milosevic to move toward the pro-Western Vuk Draskovic, leader of the Serbian Renewal Movement, who urges that common ground with the West be explored. Milosevic believes this more moderate cast will perhaps dampen Western determination to snub him on

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reconstruction talks. Draskovic told me that "peace means reconciliation and democratic reform with full cooperation with the European Union and the U.S.—but we must have economic aid."

Draskovic's "engagement" camp is bolstered by Bogoljub Karic, minister without portfolio. Karic, an enigmatic Kosovo-born Serb entrepreneur with investments in Russia, Eastern Europe, and Yugoslavia and links to the Milosevic family, wants direct relations with Washington and rapid movement to a market economy. While aspects of his background are questionable—the British Foreign Office says "He's not dinner-party material"—he has supporters in Washington and is opposed by the old-line socialist clique. Moreover, he has drawn support from the Group of 17, an independent group of economists who advocate a currency board, dual circulation of dinars and deutsche marks, and a reformed banking system that would issue credit in marks to stop debt repayments in inflated dinars. Most important, Karic has developed an independent following among those who seek a transitional figure and a break with the regime.

Kent Lemon

Slobodan Milosevic

Though Milosevic's tactics have bought him some time, critical to his survival is whether he can deliver reconstruction aid and by what mechanisms it is provided. Group of 17 economists told me 1998 industrial production was 38 percent of 1989's and this year's industrial production will be 45 percent lower than last year's because of the bombing. They calculate that if reconstruction aid is withheld, an isolated Serbia will need 16 years to return to pre-bombing conditions. Were that to occur, analysts forecast a humanitarian crisis this winter, wide-scale unemployment, suppression of the opposition, the flight of intellectuals, and conditions allowing Milosevic to turn against the Alliance frustration properly directed at him—all outcomes unacceptable to the West. Yet if aid is provided through the government, Milosevic will use it to offset these and more specific political pressures as he did in 1996, when workers stayed home rather than join student demonstrations in return for the government's paying their back wages and pensions.

One aspiring political figure emphasized, "If you want Serbs to be part of Europe, bypass the government and send reconstruction money through non-governmental organizations or a multilateral commission. Raise people's expectations, reach the workers and farmers who want to restart their lives, labor leaders and others. The priorities are electricity, the bridges, and the people who lost jobs. But of paramount importance is access to the media. We need private television stations and newspapers to tell the people what has happened and to get early elections."

Milosevic is already using the crisis to present the West with the dilemma of dealing with an indicted war criminal—and pointing to meetings, like the ones with Finnish president Ahtisaari and Russian envoy Chernomyrdin, as proof the indictment is peripheral and his leadership is viable. The challenge for the Alliance is to emphasize the indictment—by arresting indicted Bosnian war criminals Mladic and Karadzic—while providing aid, including assistance to free media, rapidly through NGOs. The decision will then be Milosevic's—to be marginalized or to stand in the way of his country's recovery. And if taxi drivers, bankers, and the staff of the Metropole hotel are any indication, standing in the way—even surviving at all—will be difficult as factions clash, sympathy for Serb refugees spreads, and the facts become known about NATO's humiliating occupation of Kosovo, the extent of Milosevic's war crimes, and the gravity of his indictment.

Stefan Halper is a syndicated columnist and former White House and State Department official.

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WHAT HOLBROOKE WROUGHT

by Ivo H. Daalder

ONE WEEK INTO THE IMPLEMENTATION of the Kosovo peace accord, everything appears to be moving more or less on schedule. Fighting, beyond a few skirmishes, has ended. Serb military, police, and paramilitary forces have largely withdrawn. NATO troops have moved into every corner of the Connecticut-sized territory. Relief agencies are starting to reach the hundreds of thousands of Kosovars who are emerging from hiding after a 12-week Serb reign of terror. These are the major accomplishments that flow from the U.S. and Allied determination to respond to Milosevic's brutal attempt to expel the Albanian population from Kosovo.

NATO's firm stance, moreover, has produced an outcome that improves on the Rambouillet deal Milosevic rejected earlier this year. Under Rambouillet, some 5,000 Serb troops could have remained in Kosovo; now all Serb forces must withdraw, and only "hundreds" may return. The NATO force entering Kosovo is significantly larger and better armed than the KFOR mission the Alliance had planned to deploy before the bombing. While there is no sure mechanism for settling Kosovo's political future within the three years stipulated at Rambouillet, the province's final status is left to be determined through negotiations in which the Kosovar Albanians will have a fundamental role.

HOLBROOKE'S DEAL WITH MILOSEVIC ALLOWED NEARLY 20,000 TROOPS RESPONSIBLE FOR LARGE-SCALE ATROCITIES TO REMAIN IN KOSOVO.

But NATO's success comes at a high price. The Alliance resorted to bombing for what President Clinton at the time said was a clear purpose: "to deter an even bloodier offensive against innocent civilians in Kosovo and, if necessary, to seriously damage the Serbian military's capacity to harm the people of Kosovo." However, having ruled out the use of ground troops and prepared only for three days of bombing in the belief that Milosevic would cave, NATO had neither the strategy nor the means to prevent the mass expulsion of Kosovars. Rather than acceding to Allied demands that he accept the Rambouillet deal, Milosevic accelerated his campaign to defeat the armed rebels and radically alter Kosovo's ethnic balance. In this, Belgrade succeeded—1.4 million Albanians were expelled from their homes, and over 850,000 were driven across the border, shorn of their identities and their valuables; and tens of thousands were murdered, raped, and otherwise brutalized. Notwithstanding what Clinton called the "moral imperative" of acting on their behalf, NATO could do little but watch—and bomb from great heights—as Milosevic's henchmen did their dirty work.

However lamentable NATO's failure to protect the nearly 2 million Kosovars, the larger failure lies in a policy that left the United States and its Allies no choice in mid-March but to bomb—without the plans or capacity to stop Milosevic's onslaught. If the brutal Serb campaign was already under way before the bombing started, as administration and NATO spokesmen repeatedly claimed, and if Milosevic's plans for "Operation Horseshoe" (as the Serbs termed their attack) had been in Western hands since October 1998, why were no preparations made to prevent it? With six months' notice, why were no military contingency plans drawn up to enable the Alliance to fulfill its stated mission of protecting the Kosovars?

The answers to these questions are to be found in the agreement Richard Holbrooke, the Clinton administration's Balkan envoy, negotiated with Slobodan Milosevic in October 1998. That agreement, reached after NATO feebly threatened airstrikes to avert a humanitarian crisis, sowed the seeds of NATO's subsequent failure.

Holbrooke concluded his accord with Milosevic after nine days of dramatics, punctuated by NATO's decision (made only after Holbrooke had assured the Allies that a deal was at hand) to bomb if the fighting in Kosovo continued. The Holbrooke-Milosevic agreement had three parts:

(1) Belgrade promised to cease attacks on civilians, withdraw army and police forces in excess of the nearly 20,000 troops stationed in Kosovo before the Serbs began their assault in February 1998, provide humanitarian and international agencies unimpeded access, allow some 400,000 displaced people to return to their destroyed homes, and cooperate with the war crimes tribunal.

(2) Milosevic agreed to a timetable to complete talks with the Kosovars on reestablishing Kosovo's autonomy, including the holding of elections within nine months.

(3) Belgrade accepted what the Clinton administration termed a "robust and intrusive" verification

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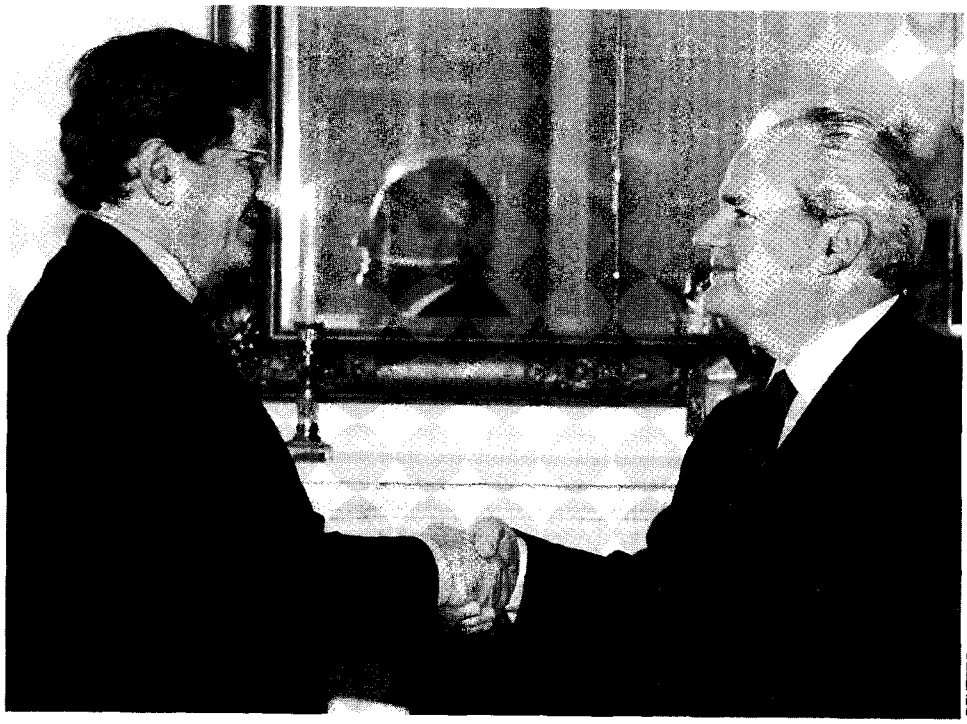
regime—consisting of 2,000 unarmed monitors operating under the auspices of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe and unrestricted aerial surveillance of the territory by unarmed NATO aircraft.

While Holbrooke touted Milosevic's "enormous concessions" and intimated that, in time, the accord he had negotiated would represent a "historic turning point" in the Kosovo conflict, the agreement was in fact deeply flawed. Notably, it allowed nearly 20,000 troops responsible for large-scale atrocities to remain in the province. Moreover, rather than exacting any major concessions from Milosevic, Holbrooke's terms were fully consistent with Belgrade's desire to take a breather, wait out a Balkan winter, and prepare for Operation Horseshoe.



REUTERS

Richard Holbrooke and Slobodan Milosevic, in happier times

In the end, only a political settlement between the Kosovars and the Serbs was likely to prevent a return to war. In the spring of 1999, realizing that time was running short, the Clinton administration sent Christopher Hill, a Holbrooke aide and the current U.S. ambassador to Macedonia, to forge a deal. His was an impossible task—the Kosovars demanded independence, the Serbs demanded sovereignty. Predictably, Hill's efforts (which culminated at Rambouillet) went for naught.

If Milosevic's acceptance of the agreement represented little more than a tactical retreat, only vigorous enforcement of its terms could ensure that Holbrooke had achieved anything worthwhile. Unfortunately, Holbrooke's "civilian army" of unarmed verifiers was utterly unable to enforce compliance. Any serious enforcement mechanism was ruled out by Washington's decision not to deploy ground troops in the region, even to help implement a U.S.-negotiated agreement. The president and his advisers even ruled out participating in a NATO force deployed in Macedonia to protect the 2,000 verifiers inside Kosovo, although the largest contingent of verifiers were Americans.

Absent enforcement, it was entirely predictable that Milosevic would fail to comply. Indeed, as President Clinton warned when word of Holbrooke's agreement with the Serb leader reached the United States, "Commitments are not compliance. Balkan graveyards are filled with President Milosevic's broken promises."

The cease-fire never went into effect. The Kosovar rebels, predictably, took advantage of the Serb retreat, and fighting soon escalated. By January 1999, the Serbs were up to their usual tricks. The result: 45 Albanians were brutally massacred near the village of Racak. Equally important, the Serbs failed to draw down their forces to the 12,500 army and 6,500 police troops permitted under the agreement. What is more, by February there was ample evidence that Milosevic was preparing a major assault, with heavily armed forces amassing near the Serb-Kosovo border.

The OSCE and NATO verifiers on the ground and in the air did their job. They reported the escalation in fighting, were quickly on the scene following the Racak massacre, informed NATO that troops had neither withdrawn in sufficient numbers nor been confined to barracks and border posts, and notified Allied capitals of the major buildup just outside Kosovo. But NATO failed to follow up. Although NATO's order to strike Belgrade in case of non-compliance ostensibly remained in effect, the United States and its Allies had quickly and quietly with-

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drawn many of their air assets from the region in late 1998. Washington's refusal to deploy ground forces further deprived NATO of a real option for countering Serb moves. And so, Milosevic, confident that his defiance would exact no forceful response, did as he pleased.

Once again, Holbrooke had negotiated and the Clinton administration had assented to an agreement that depended for its success on trust that Milosevic would comply. And once again, the administration was left with a choice between accepting non-compliance and escalating the conflict. NATO rightly rejected the former option, but as its bomb-and-pray strategy underscored, it was not prepared to prevent the Serb onslaught on the Kosovars.

NATO's perseverance in its bombing strategy finally paid off. The Alliance has succeeded where Holbrooke failed—all Serb forces are out of Kosovo, and a real (not a civilian) army of 50,000 troops has moved in. Equally important, the Clinton administration has finally abandoned the belief that Milosevic must be a part of any deal—that he is not only the arsonist but also the fireman of the Balkans, as Holbrooke puts it.

It has long been evident that Milosevic is a fireman only when the West makes him one, and he performs the role only in order to set other fires other days. Now, NATO's dominance in Kosovo obviates the need to rely on Milosevic and provides a solid basis for seeking his early removal and transfer to the Hague, where he can stand trial for his arsonist's career. The only regret is that NATO did not act soon enough to prevent the horrendous suffering of the Kosovar people.

Ivo H. Daalder is a visiting fellow at the Brookings Institution and author of the forthcoming **Getting to Dayton: The Making of America's Bosnia Policy.**

Going for Barak

by Adam J. Levitin

The Arab states might well come to rue the day Ehud Barak defeated Benjamin Netanyahu. Widely demonized in the international media as the main obstacle to peace and Palestinian statehood, Netanyahu provided a convenient foil for Arab leaders hesitant to make serious concessions. His government was a return to familiar territory for the Arab leadership, a lightning rod for all kinds of domestic social tension and frustration that has little or nothing to do with the plight of the Palestinians or the exact dimensions of Israel.

Netanyahu did, however, commit the Likud and thus the bulk of the Israeli right to the peace process. The debate changed from a question of land for peace to how much land for peace. The difference between Likud and Labor became not which party would negotiate with the Palestinians, but rather which party would negotiate a better deal.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIKUD AND LABOR BECAME NOT WHICH WOULD NEGOTIATE WITH THE PALESTINIANS, BUT WHICH WOULD GET A BETTER DEAL.

But by committing himself and the Likud to the peace process, Netanyahu ensured the disintegration of the Israeli right. Since the late 1970s, the right's identity had rested on three pillars: a rejection of the land-for-peace formula; Sephardic frustration with social inequality; and a rejection of Labor's socialist economic policy and patronage system. The Likud served as the main standard bearer of these points for the better part of the last two decades, uniting factions that were more interested in one of these points than the others. Netanyahu's acceptance of the land-for-peace formula removed a central, and perhaps the most important, pillar.

Meanwhile, Shas, the Sephardic religious party, siphoned away from the Likud its frustration at social and economic disparities. In spite of its electoral victories during the last two decades on the backs of the Sephardim, Likud has done relatively little to ease the country's social inequalities. Shas gives hope and pride to the thousands of poor Sephardic Israelis who have not reaped the fruits of the economic boom of the early 1990s, and for whom adjustment to the modern Western world has been difficult. Finally, Labor has shed many of its socialist economic and social policies, rendering the right's objections to these policies meaningless.

In spite of the collapse of these basic identity

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structures, the right's performance in the past election was not as severe a rout as it was made out to be in the Western media. Committed right-wing parties (Likud, the National Religious party, National Unity, Yisrael Beiteinu) control 32 of the Knesset's 120 seats, while another 40 are controlled by what are inadequately described as centrist parties of various stripes (Shas, Yisrael Ba'aliyah, the Center party, Shinui, United Torah Judaism), ranging from ultra-secular to ultra-orthodox, some containing former Likudniks and other members of Netanyahu's coalitions. That the right managed to do as well as it did, despite the collapse of its internal cohesion and identity, speaks to the depth of its sincere ideological and religious convictions and lasting mistrust of Labor. If it had had more effective leadership and a clearer political program, an unsplintered right might still be in control of the government.

Ehud Barak

Kevin Chadwick

The left too has lost much of its identity. As a result of Netanyahu's accession to the land-for-peace formula, Labor no longer has a monopoly on the position of peace party. Ehud Barak has, like Netanyahu, steered his party towards the political center. While Barak is no revisionist scion, neither is he cut from the same cloth as Shimon Peres, former vice-president of the Socialist International. A career military man (unlike Peres, a career Labor party politician) and hardly a dove, Barak seems to give allegiance to the Labor party more from his Ashkenazic kibbutz upbringing than from any particular ideological affinity. Indeed, it will be most interesting to see what role Barak gives his more ideological party comrades in his government.

Much has been made of the new prime minister's flirtations with Ariel Sharon, the current caretaker of Likud. This really should not be a surprise, since neither man is particularly ideological. Both come out of an Israeli military tradition. Barak did not rise to army chief of staff through ideological conformity, but rather through administrative excellence, leadership skills, and ambition. It should be remembered that Sharon, a respected and effective negotiator in Arab eyes, started out in politics in the Labor party.

Candidate Barak cast himself as a centrist. This appears to be not simply a political ploy, but rather a sincere sign of how he intends to govern, by trying to form a centrist coalition, possibly in a national unity government with Likud—a sign of the degree to which Likud and Labor have converged in the center of the Israeli political spectrum. Whether or not he succeeds in forming a wider, more centrist government coalition, or a narrower, left-leaning one, at least politically, Ehud Barak is essentially Netanyahu without the bad karma and divisive personality. Whereas Netanyahu entered office with saber rattling, he turned out to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. Barak might well be the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Barak could become a serious annoyance to Arab leadership and a reprieve for Israel after the public relations nightmare of the last government. As long as the newly elected prime minister cloaks himself in the mantle of Rabin, the martyr of peace, the Arab states will be hard pressed not to make goodwill gestures and accept reasonable proposals put forward by him. And unless he makes major mistakes, Barak will begin in a very strong negotiating position, holding the initiative. He can make essentially the same offers Netanyahu would, but because of a positive media image, these proposals will seem generous, whereas from Netanyahu they would seem grudging, stingy, and reluctant.

Which leads to the following questions: For all the hoopla about the Israeli election, one has to ask, How much does it matter? Can Israel's internal politics really have an effect on Israel's acceptance in the Middle East? Or does peace in the Middle East still fundamentally depend not on changes in Israeli politics, but on a sea change in the Arab world?

Adam J. Levitin is a Mellon fellow in history at Columbia University.

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Ex-Con

The Remarkable Second Career of Chuck Colson

By Joe Loconte

Sixty-seven-year-old Chuck Colson looks almost spry as he threads his way through the New Jersey State Prison, a maximum security facility in Trenton, New Jersey. The barbed wire, watchtowers, and 15-foot walls suggest a pretty exclusive club: Only men who've committed crimes earning them 25 years to life are admitted here.

But it is Easter morning, and Colson is here to preach. Over 200 inmates, in khakis and T-shirts, turn out to hear him. "Jesus turned the values of the world upside down," he tells them, "because he came not for the victors, but for the losers."

So while other religious celebrities are exchanging pleasantries with well-groomed congregants, Colson is mixing it up with violent felons. He shakes hands, embraces them, prays with them. Several slip notes into his pocket, thanking him for coming. "I'd rather preach in prison than anywhere else," he says later. "You're meeting people at a point of incredible need. You don't have to explain that they're sinners. They know it, and they're hungry."

As the founder of Prison Fellowship, the world's largest prison ministry, operating now in 83 countries, Colson has repeated the scene hundreds of times. Most every warden in America knows who he is. Thousands of inmates have read his book *Born Again*, where he recounts his jolting journey to Christian faith—from serving in President Nixon's inner circle to sorting laundry during his stint at a federal prison for Watergate crimes.

Still, the image of Chuck Colson praying with prison thugs doesn't fit the stock portrait of one of America's most powerful Christian conservatives, which Colson clearly is. Soon after U.S. senator Sam Brownback arrived in Washington, he asked for a meeting with Colson, whom he calls a leader of "soul-based conservatism." Presidential hopeful Gary Bauer describes him as "the voice of real wisdom" for Christians in politics. James Dobson, president of the vast radio ministry Focus on the Family, phones him every few days for advice. Former drug czar Bill Bennett and Princeton criminologist John DiIulio—the toughest of the tough-on-crime crowd—both say Colson helped change their minds about the purposes of incarceration.

What is surprising is that, in an era so politicized that even cloistered monks might show up on *Meet the Press*, Colson himself rarely enters national politics. He makes only occasional television appearances, is seldom in Washington, and has never tried to build a political organization.

Over the last 25 years, the man who at one time would have "run over his grandmother" to win an election, has built something else: a vast and effective ministry of mercy to the nation's prisoners. His legions of church-based volunteers, drawn from virtually all denominations, are active in most of the nation's 1,600 state and federal prisons. His programs extend to both the children of inmates and the victims of crime. A state prison in Texas, run like a spiritual retreat center, is getting visits from criminal justice officials nationwide.

Along the way, Colson has established himself as one of the most important social reformers in a generation. His work among inmates earned him the 1993 Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion, placing him in the ranks of Billy Graham, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and Mother Teresa. He's become a voice for "muscular" Christianity, denying liberal notions of human goodness, while insisting that faith produce good works. "He has helped recover a great reform tradition, the tradition of William Wilberforce in England, the abolition movement in America," says Martin E. Marty, one of the nation's foremost historians of religion. "He's showing what can be done to renew culture through these mediating institutions."

While some conservative Christians suggest pulling out of the culture war, the former Marine captain shows no sign of retreat. He dismisses talk of building "alternative institutions" as a one-way ticket to marginalization. His upcoming book (co-authored

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with Nancy Pearcey) *How Now Shall We Live?* is a plea for Christians to reengage their world with biblical thinking. "Our culture needs to be reevangelized," he says. "The Christian worldview must be brought to bear in new form and forcefulness on the intellectual and moral framework of contemporary life."

Two Conversions

One could argue that Colson always possessed a believer's zeal. From the time he served as an aide to U.S. senator Leverett Saltonstall in the 1950s, then founded a Washington law firm, through his role as special counsel to President Nixon starting in 1969, Colson knelt at the altar of politics and power. A manic work schedule wrecked his first marriage. Around the White House, his hardball tactics earned him the title "hatchet man." He baldly manipulated southern evangelicals and Catholics at election time. *Time* magazine labeled him "the toughest of the Nixon tough guys." Nixon himself called Colson "the guy who'll walk through a door without opening it."

Not a promising target for a weepy, walk-the-aisle-for-Jesus campaign. So perhaps it was providential that his first serious encounter with Christian faith was with the lucid prose and moral logic of C.S. Lewis. At the suggestion of an old friend, Raytheon president Tom Phillips, Colson picked up *Mere Christianity* in the summer of 1973—just as the Nixon presidency was in meltdown over Watergate. "It is pride which has been the chief cause of misery in every nation and every family since the world began," Lewis wrote. "For pride is spiritual cancer: It eats up the very possibility of love, or contentment, or even common sense." The book laid Colson bare and sent his lawyerly mind into a tailspin. Within a few weeks, he committed his life to Jesus.

In September 1973, Colson joined a weekly prayer group with, among others, the late senator Harold Hughes, a liberal Democrat from Iowa. Pundits roared. One columnist opined: "If he isn't embarrassed by this sudden excess of piety, then surely the Lord must be." By the following June, he would plead guilty to obstruction of justice, the first of the Nixon clique to fall. He served seven months at Maxwell Federal Prison in Alabama.

Prison sparked Colson's second conversion, this one on crime. The lifetime law-and-order Republican, author of some of Nixon's toughest anti-crime speeches, saw a justice system in free fall. Petty offenders got the same treatment as violent felons. Parole decisions seemed arbitrary. No one really expected criminals to stop committing crimes. "The system wasn't doing anything to restore or rehabilitate them," he says. "It was just warehousing them."

While at Maxwell, Colson helped organize a prayer group and through it saw the impact of faith on otherwise bitter and despairing men. "Therapy teaches people how to manage their problems," he explains. "But Christian conversion transforms the human will." He began to sense a call to enter what may be the least glamorous of mission fields.

PRISON SPARKED COLSON'S SECOND CONVERSION—ON CRIME. HE SAW THAT THE SYSTEM WAS DOING NOTHING TO REHABILITATE INMATES.

Prison ministry in America dates back to the 18th-century penitentiaries in Pennsylvania, courtesy of the Quakers. Since then it's been confined mainly to Bible studies or Sunday services inside prisons. Colson's original idea was different: Give inmates intensive exposure to Christian teaching and fellowship, preferably outside the prison culture.

In 1976, soon after his release, Colson persuaded the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons to furlough federal inmates to attend discipleship seminars. They would get two weeks of Bible training in a fraternity-like setting—not in a lock-down facility, but in a Washington row house. Joe Pitts, a state legislator (now a congressman) from Pennsylvania, was so excited by the idea that he drove two convicts from his district to Washington in his own car.

That first initiative involved about 50 inmates. Most wardens balked at the off-site program, however, and within a year, Prison Fellowship was working almost exclusively inside prisons. Colson designed three-day seminars laying out the basics of Christian doctrine and Christian living. Bible studies, worship, and revival meetings were added to the mix. Over the next two decades these activities grew almost exponentially: Twenty-six thousand prisoners now meet for Bible studies alone, and there are a dozen different programs for inmates, their families, and crime victims. Last year the organization logged over 2,100 in-prison seminars, drawing about 70,000 inmates. A budget of $38.7 million—all privately funded—sup-

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ports 300 full-time staff and nearly 50,000 volunteers.

"They move from idea to acceptance to program faster and with more business acumen and heart than any organization I've ever seen," says John DiIulio, a board member and leading authority on faith-based crime-fighting programs. Imaginative partnerships with local churches are the key. When prison workers saw, for example, that offenders fared much better if connected to their families, Colson's outfit started the Angel Tree program, which provides Christmas presents for kids who have a parent in jail. In 1982, the program's first year, church volunteers bought gifts for about 500 children. Last year, 14,000 congregations—Catholic, Presbyterian, Pentecostal, Baptist, you name it—participated, buying and wrapping presents requested by inmates for over half a million children. When possible, churches are matched with children in their own neighborhood, and church teenagers organize and host Christmas parties for the families.

Colson's most ambitious project so far is in Sugar Land, Texas, where Prison Fellowship has actually been running a wing of the Jester II Prison since mid 1997. Called the InnerChange Freedom Initiative, it offers Christian education to felons serving the last 18 months of their sentences. State guards provide security, but Colson's staff runs the day-to-day activities of 125 men, about one third of Jester II's inmates. The men—all volunteers in the program—rise for a 6:00 A.M. worship service and spend most of the day in Bible study, supervised work, or school. Evenings are filled with parenting classes, meetings with crime victims, family nights, and more Bible study.

The director of InnerChange, Jack Cowley (a dead ringer for Tommy Lee Jones), is a former warden with a low tolerance for sob stories. "It's going to be the hardest prison in the system," he says, "because we're going to raise expectations. We're going to expect the men to act normal, and we're going to give them choices."

It was just the right tonic for James Peterson, nearing the end of an eight-year sentence for embezzlement. All his life, he says, he took the easy way out and quit—college, jobs, marriage—when things got tough. No more: After enlisting in InnerChange, he wrote a letter to his ex-boss asking for forgiveness and pledging to pay him back. The former employer even agreed to a meeting. "I was the last person he wanted to see," Peterson says. "Today I'm like a son to him."

Peterson even turned down a chance at early parole so he could finish the program—a decision that kept him behind bars another 10 months. Says Jester warden Fred Becker, "It might be the first time in American corrections we've had people refuse parole."

A Little Biblical Justice

Behind Colson's prison programs lie two theological ideas. First, crime is fundamentally an offense not against the state, but against individuals and the

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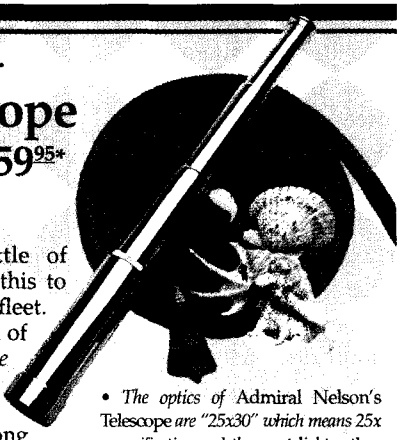

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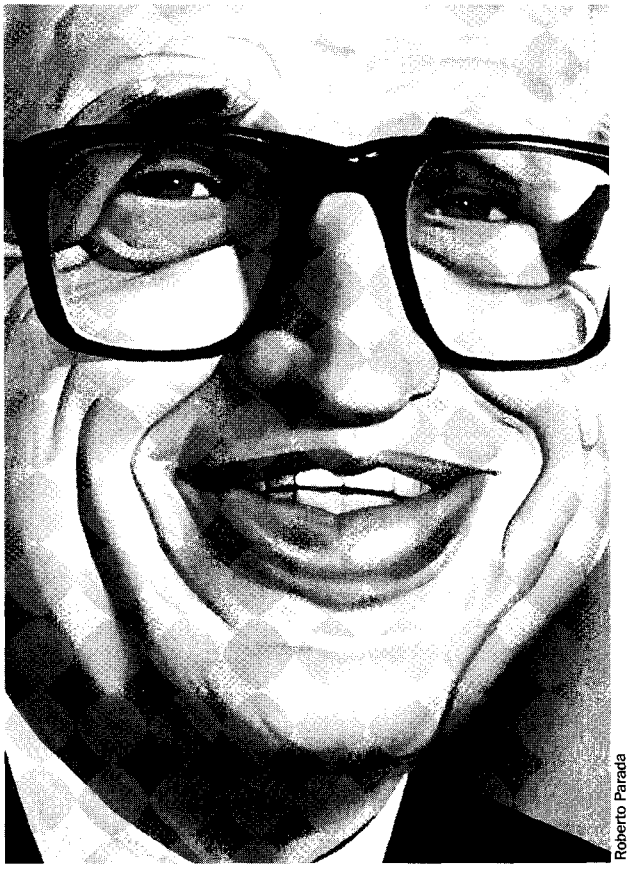
God whose image they bear. The justice system must pay more attention to victims and communities actually hurt by crime. The good Samaritan in the Bible—"he went to him and bandaged his wounds"—sticks his neck out, after all, for a crime victim.

A second concept, also drawn from the Bible, is that punishment should be restorative: It should help turn criminals into citizens. Chronic, remorseless, violent offenders must be put away, Colson says. But most inmates don't fit that description; many of them, with God's help, can change. Prison Fellowship stresses supervised work, community service, mentoring, restitution, and even meetings between victim and offender. The unabashed objective is Christian conversion.


Roberto Parada

To some it all sounds like a weak-kneed substitute for punishment. Wardens at a recent conference in Houston, for example, called InnerChange the "hug-a-thug" program. Some victims' rights groups worry that prison ministries can become another way to coddle criminals.

But consider the prison culture, Colson says. It's filled with scheming, scamming, and surviving. It does nothing to hold criminals personally accountable to their victims. And zero accountability usually produces zero remorse. "The current system does not work," he writes in *Convicted: New Hope for Ending America's Crime Crisis* (1989). "It ignores victims and their losses. Instead of rehabilitating offenders, it debilitates them."

The Colson version of biblical justice upsets the crime-fighting dogmas of the left and the right. Recall the words of Ramsey Clark, attorney general under Lyndon Johnson: "The basic solution for crime is economic." Over the years, liberals have added a bagful of therapeutic approaches to their economic model. Compare that with Colson: "No matter what its aggravating causes, there is only one taproot of crime," he says. "It is sin."

Conservatives may be more likely to talk about sin, but they love incarcerating sinners. Political scientist James Q. Wilson writes that "putting people in prison has been the single most important thing we've done to reduce crime." It certainly has been the most conspicuous: Last year the nation's prison population hit 1.8 million, and it's growing by nearly 1,500 people a week.

Higher incarceration rates, however, haven't made a dent in recidivism rates, the portion of ex-offenders who are rearrested for committing more crimes. DiIulio, who debated Colson several years ago over the need for more prisons, now thinks we have "maxed out" on the usefulness of incarceration. Even Wilson, in a recent *City Journal* article, agreed that although prisons are good at warehousing offenders, "they don't change people." The problem is that nearly all inmates will be released eventually—and return to a neighborhood near you.

This is, of course, the acid test: Will religious belief really make a lasting difference in the lives of the lawless?

"We're not chumps. We don't think everybody is going to transform," says Pat Nolan, president of Justice Fellowship, the ministry's public-policy arm. "But if you saw six prisoners walking toward you across the yard, would it make a difference to you if they were coming from a Bible study?"

Social science data now suggest that it should. A study by T. David Evans published in 1995 in *Criminology,* the leading journal of crime research, links exposure to religion with a significant reduction in crime and delinquency. A 1997 report by the National Institute for Healthcare Research found that inmates in a Prison Fellowship Bible study in New York were three times less likely to be rearrested than those who

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weren't. A Prison Fellowship mentoring program in Detroit, which targets offenders at high risk of recidivism, claims similar results. Of the 60 inmates who've completed the InnerChange program in Texas, only five are back in the system, all for parole violations. Says DiIulio: "I would challenge a group of researchers to show me something that works better than this."

Admittedly, the studies are limited by small samples and insufficient follow-up. Yet they are important because they involve not wayward Boy Scouts but convicted felons: multiple offenders who already have tried job training and drug treatment programs.

Men like Ruben Vargas, who got mixed up in the Mexican mafia as a teenager, was arrested on drug charges, and landed 12 years in state prison. He arrived at Jester II unable to trust anyone and not happy about taking orders. Within a few months he put his faith in Christ, and almost immediately his outlook changed. Vargas was released last year, got involved with a church, and was hired as a pipeline welder. His employer noticed that every job he completed (welders call it a "bead") passed inspection, and one day he asked Vargas about it. His answer: "It's because every time I lay a bead I say, 'God, this is your bead.'"

Whatever the long-term results, jailhouse religion is making a comeback. When Myles Fish took a job with Prison Fellowship in 1984, wardens treated ministers as either a scheduling problem or a security risk. "Today there are so many groups going in, so many Bible studies taking place, that you're actually competing to get on the calendar," says Fish, now a senior vice president.

Jim Harvey, former regional director of South Carolina's Department of Corrections, was a warden of the old school. He oversaw 13 prisons and logged nearly 30 years' experience in criminal justice, but until a few years ago he didn't take prison ministry seriously. Then Prison Fellowship brought a week of concerts and other events into state facilities, beginning at a women's prison in Columbia. He felt obligated to attend. The main event was Christian artist Kathy Troccoli, singing about faith and forgiveness. About 400 women—virtually the entire prison—packed the gymnasium.

Dozens of women spoke, wept, and prayed with volunteers that night. "I've been through five prison riots, seven hostage situations, 54 murders, 57 suicides," Harvey says. "I supervised the first 13 executions in South Carolina since 1986. But nothing ever got to me like that did." Harvey attended every event that week and now does volunteer work in the prisons he once managed.

"We don't need to accept foolish liberal criminology ideas in order to fulfill our responsibility to reach out to people who've done wicked deeds," says Robert George, a political scientist at Princeton. "Colson is showing us that there's no substitute for religious faith in reforming people's lives."

Watergate as Watershed

It would be easy to overlook the incongruity of Colson's decision, back in 1976, to throw himself into prison work. It was a time when other religious conservatives were either rediscovering politics or founding glitzy television empires. Jimmy Carter was running for president as a born-again Christian. *Newsweek* declared it the "Year of the Evangelical." Yet Colson set out to launch what would become a major social reform movement.

Conservative Christians thought they smelled liberal Protestantism. Michael Cromartie, Colson's research assistant in the 1970s, recalls traveling with him to a conservative Baptist church in Memphis and getting a stony reception. "Chuck talked about the need to reach out to prisoners and work for prison reform," Cromartie says. "The guy sitting next to me wrote in his notes: 'Colson sounds like a social gospeler'"—an activist more bent on changing society than converting hearts.

Such concerns have long since evaporated. When Pat Robertson ran for president in 1988, for example, he asked Colson to take over his television ministry. James Dobson calls him "probably the most valuable resource the Christian community has today." He is easily one of its most prolific. His books—ranging from crime to politics to church renewal—top the list of Christian bestsellers. He writes a monthly column for *Christianity Today*, the flagship magazine of evangelicalism. His daily radio commentary on faith and culture can be heard on over 1,000 outlets.

To be sure, Colson's eager embrace of Catholics as co-belligerents in the culture war has sent some evangelicals into apoplexy. Five years later, he is still denounced for his part in crafting "Evangelicals and Catholics Together," a joint statement of theological and cultural concerns. "We're still getting hate mail for that," says a ministry staffer.

Moreover, Colson's rhetoric sometimes gets a little overheated. In a *First Things* symposium on the grow-

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ing power of the federal courts, he recalled the German evangelical churches' stand against the Nazis. Still, in an "argument culture" that has traded persuasion for put-downs, he delivers cultural criticism that is sane and balanced.

Case in point: the Monica crisis. Appearing on *Larry King Live* after the Senate's vote to acquit the president, Colson stressed its impact on prisoners who already hold the justice system in contempt. Republicans mostly avoided the character issue, but he knew firsthand why it mattered, and said so. And while ministers such as Jesse Jackson and Tony Campolo became "counselors" to Bill Clinton—and were diminished in the process—Colson insisted that repentance be more than a lip-biting pose.

Ironically, Colson's influence as a Christian has its roots in the political arena, in Watergate. More than any other event, the great scandal of the Nixon White House chastened him as to the limits, and the temptations, of power.

On one hand, Colson argues that Christians are obligated to speak out on the vital issues of the day, whether abortion or education or religious freedom. On the other hand, he scolds his brethren when they sound like "medieval crusaders" and rely too much on politics to instigate cultural change. A theme he returns to frequently: Congregations must do a much better job of Christianizing their own members. "The church is no civic center, no social club or encounter group," he writes in his 1992 book *The Body*. "It is a new society, created for the salvation of a lost world, pointing to the kingdom to come."

Yet Colson is no pietist, enthralled by private spirituality. He holds the classic view of Christian discipleship—that genuine faith always produces ripple effects beyond the individual and into the larger culture. Ask him about Paul Weyrich's recent letter to conservatives declaring the culture war lost, and he stiffens. "Evangelicals don't have a public philosophy," he says. "We either go all out with some ill-conceived Moral Majority—which was heavy-handed, oppressive, triumphant, all the wrong things—and put all the emphasis on politics, or we go 100 percent the other way." The art of politics, he says—how we order our public lives together—ought to be the business of Christians.

This view led Colson in the early 1980s to found Justice Fellowship, which lobbies for legislative reform in such areas as prison conditions and religious freedom for inmates. The catalyst was a visit to the notoriously unruly Walla Walla prison in Washington state. When Colson got there, the prison was in "lockdown" mode, with inmates confined to squalid cells 23 hours a day. A dozen men on death row had staged a hunger strike. Uneaten food and human waste were everywhere. Out came the old hatchet man: Colson immediately called a press conference in the prison yard, prompting an investigation and legislative reforms to relieve overcrowding.

It is just such hands-on involvement—his long record of scandal-free, compassionate help to prisoners and their families—that gives Colson his authoritative edge.

IT IS HIS HANDS-ON INVOLVEMENT—HIS LONG RECORD OF SCANDAL-FREE, COMPASSIONATE HELP TO INMATES—THAT GIVES COLSON HIS AUTHORITY.

"Aside from all his writing and speaking, Chuck has spent a lot of time in prisons like Leavenworth, comforting inmates who are not getting out," says Cromartie, now a scholar at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C. "If only a few more TV evangelists had those experiences." Father Richard John Neuhaus, a longtime friend and editor of *First Things*, agrees: "It distinguishes him from a lot of political-religious entrepreneurs who announce every week the new thing God has told them to do that will usher in the kingdom."

Martin Marty, who recently edited a book series critical of religious fundamentalism, says even those who disagree with Colson's conservative theology do not doubt his conversion or fail to respect the ministry it has produced. "By anybody's certification, it stuck. It is very deep, very profound, very tested." Liberal columnist Coleman McCarthy, for example, who once lambasted Colson for "babbling Jesus-talk," conceded that in his prison work, "he has been tireless, wise and humane."

Perhaps this is Colson's rebuke to those who demand "a seat at the table" of national politics. Or confuse a government program with the Kingdom of Heaven. Or simply fail to go about God's work in God's way. Moral and cultural renewal may require more than helping the poor, visiting the sick, praying with prisoners—but surely not less. "Perhaps civilization will never be safe," C.S. Lewis wrote, "until we care for something else more than we care for it." ♦

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The World's Most Brutal, Least-Known War

By David Aikman

Yei, Southern Sudan

As the chartered Twin Otter carrying an American congressional delegation begins its descent over the lush green scrub-covered plain, the mood on board becomes quiet. The plane has entered a combat zone and is about to land on a narrow dirt strip in Yei, the capital of "New Sudan." Yei was once a humming Sudanese border town rich in customs revenue from trade with neighboring Uganda and the Congo. Today, it is a taut, frightened place, a bombing target for Russian-built Antonov-32 transport planes, sent by the government of Sudan in Khartoum. As the Otter makes its hasty approach, Dan Eiffe, an Irishman who is leading the group, remarks, "If ever there was a moral war, this is it. These people are fighting to protect their own land and their people."

"These people" are not, at first, visible. But as the Otter discharges its passengers and immediately prepares to take off again—the Antonovs would love to catch an unauthorized visiting aircraft on the ground—some officers of the Sudan People's Liberation Army appear, ready to take us into town. For 16 years now, the SPLA, a modest-sized military force, has been fighting for survival in this "moral war," the most brutal, destructive, and longest-running civil war of the second half of the twentieth century.

It is little short of scandalous that this catastrophe has been ignored by the civilized world. For 32 of Sudan's 43 years of independence, civil war has ravaged the country. The current war broke out in 1983, when Khartoum abolished autonomy for predominantly Christian southern Sudan, then sought to impose Islamic law, or *sharia*, on the entire country. The Khartoum government's deliberate policies of food deprivation, ethnic cleansing, and bombing have resulted in the deaths of almost 1.9 million Sudanese, the overwhelming majority of them civilians. An estimated 5 million Sudanese have been displaced from their homes, and thousands more have been raped and tortured. Sudan has a population of only 30 million.

David Aikman is a senior fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center and a former senior foreign correspondent for Time *magazine.*

Sudan's civil war turned genocidal in 1989 when the National Islamic Front, led by Omar Hassan Ahmad al-Bashir, overthrew the elected government in Khartoum. The NIF has sought to turn Sudan into a base camp for the Islamic radicalization of Africa. Sudan backed Saddam Hussein during the Gulf War in 1991, played host to international terrorists Carlos and Osama bin-Laden in the 1990s, and provided a safe haven for Islamic fanatics who tried to assassinate Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak in 1995. The NIF regime currently supports a truly sadistic gang of Ugandan bandits called the Lord's Resistance Army, who have been preying on civilian communities in both Sudan and Uganda. Such affiliations have led Washington to list Sudan as a state that supports terrorism, a status that comes with mandatory trade sanctions. John Garang, the U.S.-educated commander of the SPLA, described the situation: "The governments that have come and gone in Khartoum since 1976 have been fundamentalist and Islamist. The essential difference today is that the National Islamic Front is internationalist."

As the American group bumps and lurches along pitted roads around Yei, there is some nervous speculation about the NIF's "internationalist" involvement. The Antonovs are said to be piloted at times by Libyans and mercenary pilots from the former Soviet Union. They fly at around 25,000 feet and higher, out of range of normal anti-aircraft guns, wreaking havoc with complete impunity.

There is no bombing today, but evidence of the destruction from previous raids is apparent all around. The town's hospital, hit directly three times since 1997, shows clear shrapnel damage on several outside and inside walls. Local staff seem agitated. A nurse looks at her watch, observing that it is close to 10 A.M., a popular time for Antonovs to make bombing runs, frightening those on the ground for several minutes with the noisy drone of their twin turboprops. "If the Antonov comes," warns George Githuka, administrator for Norwegian People's Aid, a non-

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governmental charity, "go to a bunker and lie flat on the ground." But the bunkers are not impregnable. Last year, nine people were killed and several others injured when the main hospital bunker took a direct hit.

The American delegation is led by Sen. Sam Brownback of Kansas and includes former Congressional Black Caucus chairman and veteran African affairs observer Rep. Donald Payne of New Jersey and Rep. Tom Tancredo of Colorado. With anti-Khartoum sentiment growing in the Senate and the House, the delegation is here to gather evidence for toughening U.S. policy toward Sudan. They are being briefed by U.S. embassy officers, food relief experts, SPLA leader John Garang in Nairobi, and by Sudanese officials.

Speaking at an Episcopal church with a thatched roof and mud walls in a southern Sudanese displacement camp, Brownback tells a rapt congregation of 690, "The three of us are members of Congress, and we will be carrying the message of your cause back to the United States. You are not forgotten." Tancredo tells the congregation that it was in a church a year ago that he first heard about the persecution of Christians in their country, leaving him determined to learn more about Sudan.

Food, the delegation learns, is a primary element of the Sudan issue. Dan Eiffe, who directs the Norwegian People's Aid for southern Sudan, describes coming across Dinka civilians who had been driven into the swamps by government-trained militia raiders on horseback, called *murahaleen*, and reduced to eating water-lily roots. In 1998 some 2.6 million Sudanese were perilously close to starvation.

Operation Lifeline Sudan, set in place after 260,000 Sudanese died of famine in 1988 and 1989, has enabled non-governmental organizations to fly food into rebel-held areas of southern Sudan. Yet the 1998 airlift, the largest food supply operation since the Berlin Airlift, which cost $1 million a day and helped prevent starvation for millions of Sudanese, almost didn't happen. For two months in early 1998, Khartoum suspended overflight permission for all relief agencies. Even today, permission is not guaranteed. "We are a little nervous at the beginning of each month," a United Nations security officer admits, "because we never know what the flight clearance is going to be."

Of even greater concern is the issue of slavery. The NIF regime permits *murahaleen* to abduct at will the women and children they come across in their raids, to be used for their own pleasure and sold as chattel slaves. This policy is booty payment to the tribal militias who do Khartoum's dirty work of pillaging and ethnic cleansing. Non-governmental organizations like the Swiss-based Christian Solidarity International have energetically raised funds to buy the freedom of abducted southerners. A Colorado middle school in Rep. Tancredo's district has raised $50,000 for the same purpose.

Not surprisingly, this practice is controversial. UNICEF chief Carol Bellamy has argued that "to pay cash for a slave is to encourage a vicious circle," since it is still "trafficking" in human beings. During a discussion with U.N. officials on this point, Brownback says with some annoyance that it misses the point of how abhorrent slavery is to criticize people for purchasing the freedom of slaves wherever this is possible. He says to one U.N. official in Nairobi, "If you spent more time criticizing the government of Sudan for limiting flights into Bahr el-Ghazal than criticizing Christian Solidarity International, it would do more good." Christian Solidarity International, the most respected of the foreign slave-redeeming organizations, claims that it has freed 5,000 slaves since it began the process in 1995.

Slavery is high on the list of Rep. Payne's concerns. A veteran of three trips into the forbidden areas held by the SPLA, Payne is a driving force behind a House resolution that condemns the NIF regime in Khartoum "for its genocidal war in southern Sudan, support for terrorism, and continued human rights violations." The resolution, which passed 410 to 1 last week, urges the White House to provide food directly to the SPLA and report every three months on what it is doing to end the slavery. Brownback, Payne, and Tancredo have requested a meeting with President Clinton as soon as possible.

Brownback would also like the United States to provide assistance. In fact, his encounter with Sudan's civil war left him open to military aid to the SPLA. Again and again, southern Sudanese officials asked him if the administration could provide any equipment that might rid them of the Antonovs. "This trip has certainly upped the ante for me," Brownback said on returning to Kenya, "and it has intensified my desire to push our government more than I was contemplating."

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AP/Wide World Photos

Southern Sudanese children, December 18, 1998, preparing for Christmas

How far can Washington be pushed? The current sanctions regime has a convenient loophole for the purchase of gum arabic from Sudan, apparently an essential ingredient in some soft drinks and candy. Payne would like to end this exemption. Before ethnic cleansing and slavery and support for international terrorism can end in Sudan, the congressman believes, the Khartoum regime itself must come down.

Non-governmental organizations concentrate simply on ending the war. World Vision and other groups support strengthening the Inter-governmental Authority on Development (IGAD), an African committee formed in 1993. Consisting of representatives of Djibouti, Eritrea, Kenya, Somalia, Sudan, Ethiopia, and Uganda, IGAD has held several rounds of talks between representatives of the SPLA and the NIF regime. The NIF has agreed, in theory, to self-determination for southern Sudan, but no one's holding his breath.

In 1992 the NIF formally declared a jihad, or holy war, against the inhabitants of the Nuba mountains in central southern Sudan. Access to the mountains is denied by the Khartoum regime, even for U.N. agencies, but human rights workers say there is clear evidence that genocide is being carried out there. More recently, the NIF's top ideologist, Hassan al-Turabi, said flatly that Khartoum urgently needs revenue from the south's oil wells. Furthermore, the regime has developed a cooperative venture in Bentiu with Talisman Inc. of Canada, Petronas of Indonesia, and a third, Chinese, corporation. According to Western diplomats and U.N. officials, Beijing's role in the Bentiu venture includes bringing Chinese prison laborers, or victims of the Laogai, into Sudan in order to have the pipeline up and running this summer.

"Believe me," says the senior SPLA military officer in Yei, Commander Geir, "there is nothing to be achieved in the peace talks. The government is saying that it can finish the war because it has oil. We are prepared to fight another 30 years." Adds Commander Deng, another top SPLA leader in Yei, "If we can overthrow the government of Sudan, we know the war will end."

That happy eventuality, however, doesn't seem imminent. The NIF has proven deft at exploiting weakness in the alliance the SPLA has tried to cobble together with the Democratic People's Alliance, a group of northern Arabs who came together shortly after the coup of 1989. Bickering within the SPLA has also bedeviled efforts at a united front. Washington, moreover, squandered whatever leverage it might have had with the NIF after its August 1998 cruise missile attack on a Khartoum factory.

And yet, there is much the United States can do: provide weapons that the SPLA can use against the Antonovs; try to dissuade the Canadians and the Chinese from developing Sudan's oil resources; and raise international awareness of how wicked the Khartoum regime really is. Sudan's neighbors have already noticed. The NIF has shown a ready tendency to conspire against them, and it is seeking to spread Islamist radicalism throughout Africa. Sudan is a place where simple actions by the United States could significantly help defend the weak against the strong and the forces of democracy against tyrants. ♦

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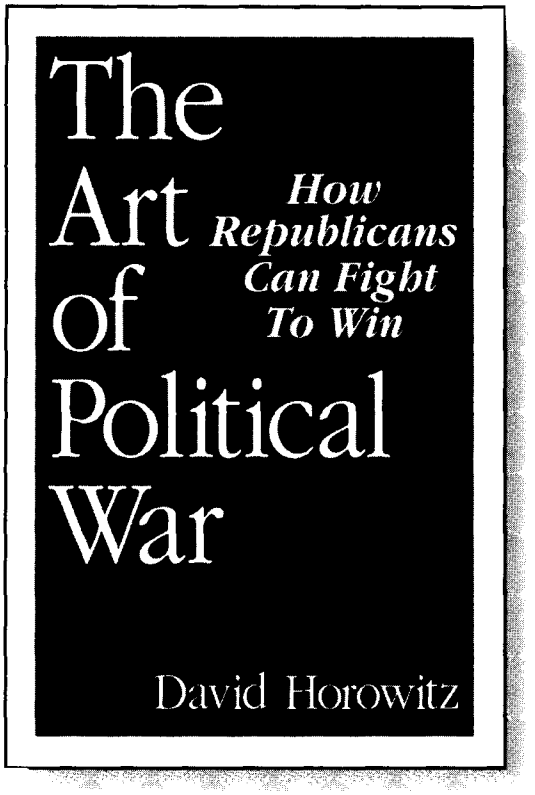
IT'S THE POLITICS, STUPID!



"Tax breaks for the wealthy on the backs of the poor" is the Democrat sound-bite that defines Republicans as mean-spirited fat cats and enemies of the poor. It is a lie that has been imprinted on the electorate through a million repetitions. It is the chant of every Democrat in congress, every Democrat political figure, and every Democrat pundit in the media.

What is the Republican chant? *There is none.*

It's the politics, stupid!

Here is an answer to the Democrat mantra:

TAXES FOR THE BUREAUCRATS OUT OF THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE.

This pretty well sums up what Democrat policies are all about. If the trillions spent by the welfare state went to poor people instead of to bureaucrats, there would be no poor people; if the education billions went to the classroom and paid teachers to teach (instead of merely to show up for the job), there would be no education crisis.

Republicans have the solutions, but they need to answer Democrats slogan for slogan and attack for attack.

It's the politics, stupid!

— from *The Art of Political War* by David Horowitz

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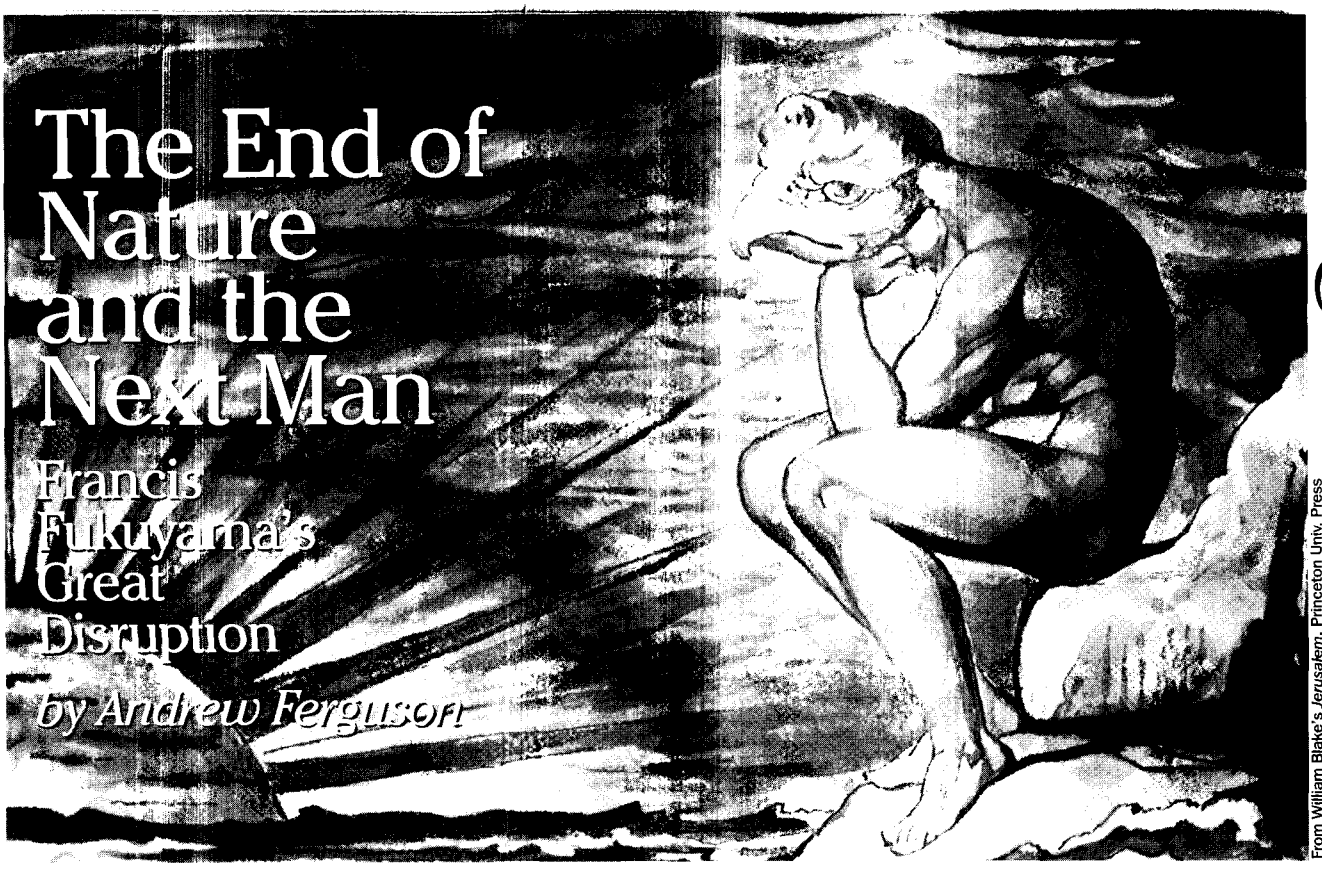
The End of Nature and the Next Man

Francis Fukuyama's Great Disruption

by Andrew Ferguson



From William Blake's *Jerusalem*, Princeton Univ. Press

Two things may be said right at the outset about Francis Fukuyama's new book, *The Great Disruption*. The first is that it is a learned and impressive work, ranging easily across disciplines, combining fact and argument in subtle and unexpected ways, in the much-praised manner of Fukuyama's two earlier books, *Trust* and *The End of History and the Last Man*. The second thing to note is that, if you're of a certain cast of mind, it is sure to give you the creeps.

The Great Disruption of the book's title will be familiar to anyone who has had occasion to read a newspaper, watch TV, or step out of doors in the past thirty years. Conservative polemicists call it, in the shorthand that polemicists favor, "The Sixties." What they have in mind is the erosion of the old virtues, a process that accelerated in that decade with sharply rising rates of crime, illegitimacy, cohabitation, and general incivility, along with equally steep declines in fertility rates, family formation, and public confidence in social and governmental institutions.

Wised-up critics lampoon this obsession with the 1960s as facile, of course. But Fukuyama shows that, as a statistical matter, the 1960s really *were* The Sixties. What's more, they aren't over yet, although it is the optimistic theme of his book that they might at last be drawing to a close.

Andrew Ferguson is senior editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Fukuyama's explication of the Great Disruption is more thorough than that of the garden-variety op-ed columnist. The weakening of common values and behavioral norms—the depletion of what social scientists call "social capital"—was not an exclusively American phenomenon. Something similar happened at roughly the same time throughout the industrialized world. And it was not, as the polemicists sometimes seem to think, a consequence of Watergate, Vietnam, Woodstock, or any of the other cultural markers so dear to the solipsistic Baby Boomer. It had to do with processes that run deeper in history and are, luckily, less ideologically fraught.

FRANCIS FUKUYAMA
The Great Disruption
Human Nature and the Reconstitution of Social Order
Free Press, 336 pp., $26

"Was it just an accident," Fukuyama writes, "that these negative social trends, which together reflected weakening social bonds and common values holding people together in Western societies, occurred just as economies in those societies were making the transition from the industrial to the information era?"

The emphasis on mental, as opposed to physical, labor in the new economy lessened the value of brawn, downgrading men's traditional role as breadwinners and clearing the way for women to enter the workforce in unprecedented numbers. The invention of the Pill sexually "liberated" women and men (but especially men) and undermined one of the grounds for forming families. The marketplace intensified the culture of individualism and subverted the authority of communal institutions. In Fukuyama's rendering, the Great Disruption and the development of the postindustrial economy, with its breathtaking technological advances, are impossible to separate. "The two were in fact intimately connected," he writes, "and with all of the blessings that flow from a more complex, information-based economy, certain bad things also happened to our social and moral life."

Fukuyama doesn't shrink from the judgment that these "bad things"—the breakdown in the family, the loss of trust in authority—were indeed bad. He is not, or does not want to be, a cultural

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relativist, and the polemicists will be greatly reassured by his painstaking demonstration that many of the old virtues, so badly damaged in the Great Disruption, are necessary for the stable social order upon which democratic capitalism depends.

And he wants to go farther even than this. Those old virtues—he lists, more than once, honesty, reciprocity (doing unto others), and reliability—are not only necessary but in some way inevitable: "Human beings are *by nature* social creatures, whose most basic drives and instincts lead them to create moral rules that bind themselves together into communities. They are also by nature rational, and their rationality allows them to create ways of cooperating with one another spontaneously." (The italics, importantly, are his.)

According to Fukuyama, this natural tendency of human beings to right themselves after a period of social upheaval explains why we are seeing, in the 1990s, a reversal of many of the Great Disruption's disastrous trends, with crime plummeting, divorce rates falling, and illegitimacy leveling off. "There is, moreover, plenty of anecdotal evidence that more conservative social norms have made a comeback, and that the more extreme forms of individualism have fallen out of favor."

The society that emerges from this process of "renorming" will likely not resemble the Ozzie and Harriet daydream that traditionalists are alleged to fancy, but neither will it be the amoral chaos they fear. Kinship ties will be weaker, sexual mores looser, the labor market more fluid than the Nelson family would remember from the 1950s. But it will still be a place where social behavior is rewarded and anti-social behavior discouraged—because that's the way societies are:

> Modern postindustrial capitalist economies will generate a continuing demand for social capital. In the long run, they should also be able to supply sufficient quantities of social capital to keep up with the demand as well. We can be reasonably confident about this because we know that private agents seeking their own selfish ends will tend to produce social capital and the virtues associated with it.

The Great Disruption is thus, on its own terms, an optimistic book, and it is pleasing to encounter a conservative social critic who does not believe that America is, in fact, going to hell on a rollercoaster. Fukuyama's argument is subtle and lucid and wide ranging. It will doubtless serve as a model for many future discussions of the way we live now, and how it is that we go about undoing the damage done in the Great Disruption—"reconstituting the social order," to use Fukuyama's grander phrase. That's why it's an important book, and why it may give you the creeps.

As a social critic, Fukuyama wants to draw large conclusions about the nature

Francis Fukuyama
Free Press

of human beings—about how they behave with one another, and why they behave the way they do. A task so grand as reconstituting the social order demands nothing less.

Where earlier theorists might have turned to reason or revelation, however, Fukuyama turns to science. Specifically, he fortifies his thesis with "a tremendous amount of recent research coming out of the life sciences, in fields as diverse as neurophysiology, behavior genetics, evolutionary biology, and ethology, as well as biologically informed approaches to psychology and anthropology." This research is, as he writes, "one of the most interesting and important intellectual developments of our time."

It is certainly the most unavoidable. The new science is the reasoning of first resort these days for philosophers, sociologists, journalists, television medical doctors, newspaper advice columnists, and all other deep thinkers who would seek to explain the mysteries of human behavior. As recently as two years ago, in *Commentary* magazine, Fukuyama was writing that "in most academic treatments of society and politics, today's biological advances are considered virtually out of bounds for discussion." This is no longer true, in either academia or the popular press. Examples fall in the lap almost every day. If you opened up *Newsweek* after the Columbine shootings, you were treated to brain scans of a typical sixteen-year-old—this by way of locating the killers' motivation in their Cingulate Gyrus and Prefrontal Cortex. I recently came across the book *Luxury Fever*, by the Cornell economist Robert H. Frank, linking a person's political views to the levels of the neurotransmitter serotonin in the brain.

For the most part, these treatments of the new science are superficial and silly. Fukuyama's is of a higher order. But he too, in drafting his argument, wants to draw on the new science when it suits his purposes, and abandon it when its consequences are inconvenient. The new science is rigidly deterministic; Fukuyama does not want to be thought a determinist. It is materialistic to its core; Fukuyama shys from materialism. But his maneuvering is not sustainable on the terms that the new science demands.

It's worth taking a moment to examine the worldview of the new science—for it is a worldview—more thoroughly than Fukuyama does in *The Great Disruption*. The attractions of the new science are undeniable. Much of it has shown enormous utility, as in, for example, the treatment of aberrant behavior through drugs targeted to specific regions and chemicals of the brain. These demonstrable successes have been mostly limited to specific physiological outcomes, such as the control of schizophrenia. But the theorists of the new science, and indeed many of its practitioners, are far more

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ambitious. They see in it the means for explaining human behavior in all its aspects, finding a genetic basis for everything from a mother's love to our capacity to enjoy music. There is no human experience, by the light of the new science, that cannot be reduced to a physiological process.

With its ubiquitous popularity, the new science has become the reigning myth at the century's end. I use the term myth in the academic sense, without reference necessarily to its truth or falsehood, but merely to denote a comprehensive story that can account for simply everything. At the heart of the new scientific myth is the "selfish gene," a coinage of the British writer Richard Dawkins in his vastly influential 1976 book of that name. Dawkins's belief was that "the genes created us, body and mind," and that, further, it was the goal of genes to replicate and disperse themselves as widely as possible. To this end, they have adapted themselves over the eons to various conditions of life, through a process of natural selection. The human organism, in this now-popular view, is thus the means whereby one set of genes interacts to pass itself on to another generation.

Dawkins's theory has great explanatory power. It explains why human beings are self-interested, yet capable of love: A mother adores her child because it contains her genes. The theory of the selfish gene is finally untestable, but among the new scientists it is now accepted as fact, an essential premise for their speculations.

This is the way a myth works: It accounts for everything while simultaneously denying whatever it cannot account for. All myths are question-begging in this sense; they contain their conclusions in their premises. I mentioned that the new science is fiercely, uncompromisingly materialistic. There's nothing new in that, of course: Science investigates material processes, and explains them in material terms. The enthusiasts for the new, comprehensive materialist myth, however, don't stop there. They want to make a quasi-metaphysical claim. Because the new science uncovers only materialistic processes, materialistic processes are all that there is: What materialism cannot explain, cannot exist. QED.

This leads the enthusiasts to conclusions that are, to put it kindly, counterintuitive. Perhaps the most startling assertion has to do with the very nature of the human being. Each of us, it's safe to say, has an experience of himself as an autonomous entity, reliant on, maybe even dependent upon, his body, but nevertheless having an existence somehow detached from it. It's what we mean when we use the pronoun "I."

But it is the premise, and conclusion, of the new science that the self, experi-

ROMANCING THE UNIVERSE

Theology, Science, and Cosmology

Jeffrey G. Sobosan

If religious belief is to remain intellectually persuasive in the coming century, it will need to seek a mutually respectful partnership with the leading theories and findings of science. In this finely constructed reflection on the relationship between theology and scientific inquiry, Jeffrey Sobosan shows how this goal might be achieved by wedding the best from both disciplines into a single coherent vision of the cosmos. He discusses the scientific and theological aspects of many of the major themes in cosmology, including the beginning and end of the universe, the origins of matter and life, the presence of cosmic order, the possibility of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe, and the aesthetics of scientific theorizing — all with language that makes difficult concepts clear and interesting to general readers.

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enced in this way, doesn't exist. Any intuition to the contrary is merely an illusion—a trick played by our genes as a survival strategy: An organism with a sense of self is more likely to preserve and pass on its genes. The more philosophically rigorous of the enthusiasts can be quite pitiless on the point. The biochemist Francis Crick, who with James D. Watson discovered the structure of DNA, recently published a manifesto of the new science called "The Astonishing Hypothesis."

As it happens, he does not consider his hypothesis to be at all hypothetical: "'The Astonishing Hypothesis' is that 'You,' your joys and your sorrows, your memories and your ambitions, your sense of personal identity and free will, are in fact no more than the behavior of a vast assembly of nerve cells and their associated molecules." And again: "We need to state the idea in stronger terms. The scientific belief is that our minds—the behavior of our brains—can be explained by the interactions of nerve cells (and other cells) and the molecules associated with them. This is to most people a really surprising concept."

It is indeed. For starters, "the scientific belief" runs counter to the most elemental belief every person has about himself—not to mention about his wife, his children, even his worst enemy. (Is it unfair to ask whether Crick really believes his own children are nothing more than "a vast assembly of nerve cells and their associated molecules"?) Beyond this, however, the "scientific belief" would also appear to be corrosive of any notion of free will, personal responsibility, or universal morality.

It is at this point that some enthusiasts for the new science get skittish and exercise a rhetorical sleight of hand. The neurologist Antonio Damasio, for example, is typical in this regard. Fukuyama draws substantially on parts of Damasio's much-praised 1994 book, *Descartes' Error*. Descartes's error, of course, was his belief in an independent self, and Damasio shows that in the new science there is no need and no room for it. Strangely, however, Damasio goes on to lament "the inherent tragedy of conscious existence," but never addresses the unavoidable question: If there is no self to suffer and die, whence the tragedy? Others, like the evolutionary psychologist Steven Pinker, are more straightforward, or more candid. In his 1997 bestseller, *How the Mind Works*, he proposes that in our everyday lives we should play an elaborate game of "as if," behaving *as if* we were beings possessing free will, even though the smarter among us know we aren't.

"Ethical theory," Pinker writes, "requires idealizations like free, sentient, rational, equivalent agents whose behavior is uncaused, and its conclusions can be sound and useful even though the world, as seen by science, does not really have uncaused events. . . . A human being is simultaneously a machine and a sentient free agent, depending on the purpose of the discussion."

Which is to say that, in the view of the new science, morality is based on a pretense—on believing, provisionally, something science tells us is untrue: namely that human beings are autonomous selves, with an independent existence, rather than a collection of fired-up nerve cells. How long a morality based on such delusions can endure, or how many adherents it can draw, is unclear.

THERE IS LITTLE IN SOCIOBIOLOGY THAT ARISTOTLE DIDN'T TELL US—NOTHING, INDEED, WE CAN'T GLEAN FROM EVERYDAY EXPERIENCE.

It is important to note that Fukuyama, in *The Great Disruption*, leaves these quasi-metaphysical issues untouched. Like many popularizers of the new science, he declines to explore its premises or follow it to its conclusions. He is attracted to it, as many conservatives are, because it posits something akin to a universal and intractable human nature.

Thinkers on the left, beginning at least with Rousseau and continuing through to Franz Boas and Margaret Mead, have denied that human nature so defined actually exists, of course. This makes it all the more gratifying for conservatives when science shows that the human organism is fashioned by natural selection and genetics to behave in certain ways. Conservatives have always had an intellectual inferiority complex in these matters. In asserting that human nature was fixed, that human beings were not perfectible nor even particularly elastic, they have traditionally relied on a myth of their own: the elaborate architecture of natural law, with all its attendant embarrassments—God, the metaphysical soul, and so on. But now scientists—the fellows in lab coats, not the clerics in the funny turned-around collars—are confirming that human nature is real.

Yet it's hard to see, from the philistine perspective of a layman, what all the fuss is about. The human nature that the new science ascribes to the human organism seems rather banal, or in any case self-evident. Men, the new science tells us, are different from women. They are less sexually selective, more preoccupied with status. Human beings are at once social and self-interested; they will form groups, in other words, when it is in their interest to do so, and it nearly always is. Some people will be more sociable than others, some more self-interested. All human beings are predisposed to using reason, language, and other symbols. The family is formed as an efficient means of protecting and nurturing children. The bond between mother and child is uniquely strong. Et cetera.

As Fukuyama notes, there is little here that Aristotle didn't tell us—nothing, indeed, that the average person can't glean from everyday experience. Only an intellectual, to paraphrase Orwell, would be silly enough to deny these human predispositions. Yet deny them our intellectuals have, in the social sciences and elsewhere, for much of this century, and their denial has formed an intellectual justification for the Great Disruption. Fukuyama is right: The rediscovery of human nature is the great intellectual development of our era, and it is particularly crucial as we undertake the "reconstitution of the social order." Just as crucial, however, is the question

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of under what set of assumptions—under what myth—the reconstitution takes place.

In his book, Fukuyama demonstrates often, and inadvertently, that much of the new science is indeed a myth—a speculative theory, conjured up to explain certain phenomena, which is finally untestable and hence unscientific. He makes much use of evolutionary psychology, for example, which operates on the outer frontiers of the new science.

Evolutionary psychology seeks to explain psychological behavior by means of Darwinian natural selection. Its inherent problems are obvious. The theory of evolution rests in large part on the fossil record, against which portions of the theory can be tested. But there can be no fossil record of psychological phenomena. So the evolutionary psychologists extrapolate instead from the research of neurophysiologists, who track the physical operation of the brain, from the findings of ethnographers, who study primitive tribes that might resemble our evolutionary ancestors, and from data collected by primatologists, who study chimps as a window into human behavior.

Though wobbly as a scientific discipline, evolutionary psychology is essential to the materialistic myth of the new science. For human beings often behave irrationally. They will do things that evolutionary theory tells us are contrary to the best interests of their selfish genes. Altruism is an instance of this; the urgings of conscience are another. Evolutionary psychology enables the new scientists to account for such aberrations without recourse to non-material processes—say, to an independently operating self. It does this by assuming that natural selection has designed the brain as a series of modules, which function according to conflicting evolutionary purposes. The modules war with each other, and the outcome of their calculations may be a behavior that is, as the evolutionists say, non-optimal.

This theory of evolved modularity is untestable. But it has the virtue of preserving the closed system of the materialist myth. Here is where Fukuyama cites Damasio's *Descartes' Error*. His discus-

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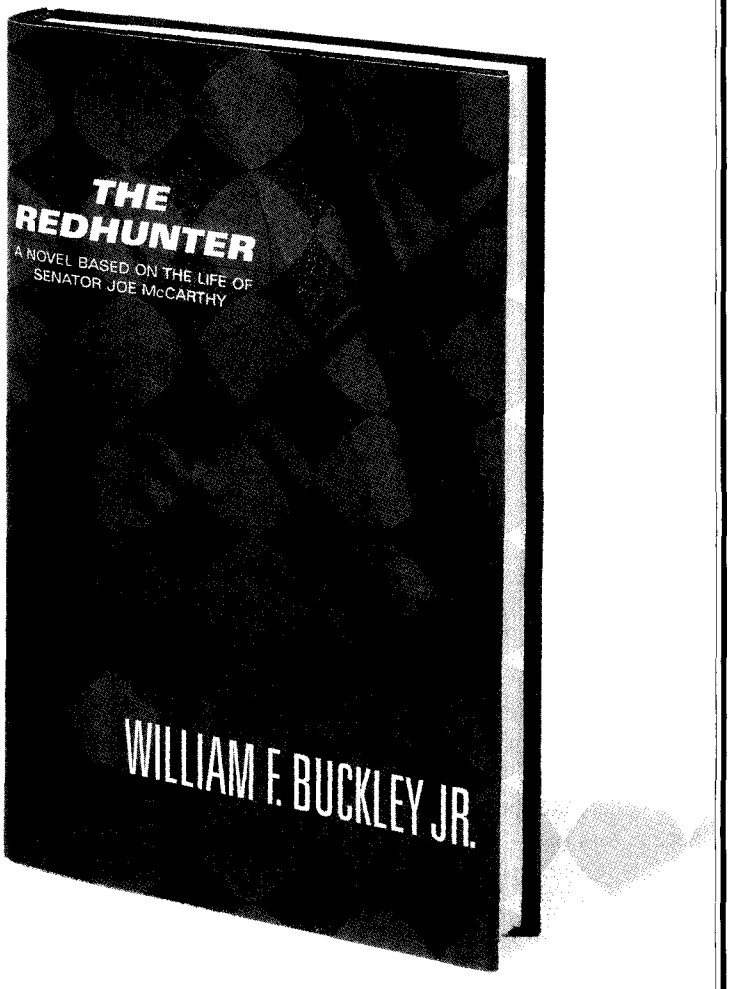

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sion is worth quoting at length, for it gives a flavor of how the reasoning works:

> Damasio argues that the brain creates numerous somatic markers—feelings of emotional attraction or repulsion that help the brain do its calculating by short-circuiting many of the possible choices that lie before it. When a thought process reaches a somatic marker, it stops calculating and makes a decision. He gives the example of a business owner who is trying to decide whether to do business with the arch-enemy of his best friend. A purely rational-choice approach to the problem will necessitate an extremely complex calculation of what economists call "expected value" of the business he thinks he will do with the client but also the costs to his friendship. There are also a large number of possible strategies he can follow, for example, trying to hide the new relationship from his friend or getting the friend's approval in advance. Somatic markers make the decision significantly easier by attaching emotional responses to certain outcomes and foreclosing further rational consideration of the alternative, for example, when the businessman imagines the look on his best friend's face when told about the new client.

MR. BERGH TO THE RESCUE.

THE DEFRAUDED GORILLA. "That *Man* wants to claim my Pedigree. He says he is one of my Descendants."

MR. BERGH. "NOW, MR. DARWIN, how could you insult him so?"

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Thus does the new science account for an act of altruism and conscience. The theory of the somatic marker is elaborate, elegant, and absolutely unverifiable. We are far from science here, as science is commonly understood; far from the business of testable hypothesis and provable fact. We are in the realm of story-telling and myth-making.

Of course, there is another way to account for the proddings of conscience, an older myth of free will. The average fellow might be excused for preferring the older myth, if only because it does not, like the myth of the new science, entail the austere premises of materialism or require the denial of a non-material self, acting according to conscience.

Fukuyama, however, wants it both ways: to enjoy the extravagant, intellectually amusing theories of the new science and yet to avoid its materialist and deterministic conclusions. He tries mightily to allow room for the old idea of free will—of human beings acting in ways beyond those programmed by our genes. "No respectable biologist," he writes, "would deny that culture is important and often exercises an influence that can overwhelm natural instincts and drives. . . . What the new biology suggests to sensible observers is not biological determinism, but rather a more balanced view of the interplay of nature and nurture in the shaping of human behavior."

You can understand why Fukuyama wants to make this claim. Unfortunately, it isn't true. By the logic of the new science, culture is merely a genetic artifact; scientists will someday be able to explain it in genetic terms, just as they now believe they can explain a mother's love in genetic terms.

With sufficient knowledge of the unimaginably complex but ultimately finite set of inputs offered by natural selection and genetics over many millions of years, one could account for all culture as a purely materialistic process—genes scheming to replicate themselves. When we pretend otherwise, we are merely playing another game of "as if." To call culture an interplay between nature and nurture is only another reflection of our imperfect understanding. Like "self" or "free will," "nurture" is a provisional word: something pasted over a materialistic process whose intricacies are not yet apparent but will be, as science progresses.

At every step of Fukuyama's analysis, similar problems arise, none of them acknowledged by him. I'll close with one last example, about Aristotle's claim that man is an inherently political animal: "By nature," Fukuyama writes, human beings "organize themselves into not just families and tribes, but higher-level groups, and are capable of the moral virtues necessary to sustain such communities. To this, contemporary evolutionary biology would wholeheartedly agree."

Not so, alas. By using the term "moral virtues" Fukuyama smuggles the lexicon of the old, non-materialist myth into the materialistic scheme of evolutionary biology, which has no place for it. The evolutionary biologist would put the proposition more bloodlessly: "Men are conditioned by genes

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and natural selection to behave in ways that sustain communities." Whether that behavior is moral, whether it signifies virtue, is a judgment that the new science, and materialism in general, cannot make.

How then are we to make such judgments, as we go about the business of reconstituting the social order? It would be nice to have a morality based on something more enduring than "as if." But the understanding that Fukuyama and his fellow enthusiasts urge upon us is uniquely impoverished for the essential task.

This alone is enough to make us question the extravagant claims made on behalf of the new science—claims about the essence of man—which go far beyond the traditional uses to which science has been put. The old myth of natural law had a means for making moral judgments, of course. But it took as fundamental the very concepts that the new science wants to render meaningless—that human beings are endowed with souls, for example. We might, as we pick our way through the wreckage of the Great Disruption, want to begin at the beginning, by asserting another of those propositions that the new science denies, even though everyone else knows it to be true: "I think, therefore I am."

Where do you suppose that would lead us? ♦

LOOK BACK IN INGRES

The Portraits of the Most Romantic Realist

By Roger Kimball

Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) is generally regarded as one of the great realist portrait painters of all time, and his greatness is confirmed by *Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch*, a collection of more than 150 works showing at the National Gallery in Washington through August 22 and at the Metropolitan Museum in New York from October 5 to January 2.

This magnificent exhibition also underscores two historical ironies. For years, especially during his first long stay in Italy (from 1806 to 1820 in Rome and from 1820 to 1824 in Florence), Ingres made his living chiefly through portraits: lavish oils of the rich and politically powerful, and fastidious graphite drawings of importunate travelers, friends, and acquaintances (Liszt, Paganini, the composer Gounod). He lavished extraordinary care on these works, particularly the oils. "For the last nine days," the Vicomtesse d'Haussonville wrote about her famous 1845 portrait, "Ingres has been painting on one of the hands." Note the "on": nine days not for the hand, but for part of the hand.

Today these pictures, along with his nudes, are Ingres's most cherished work. Nevertheless, following the fashion of his time, Ingres tended to deprecate his portraits in relation to his history paintings and religious allegories. Portraits, he wrote in 1826, were "a considerable waste of time." Like John Singer Sargent—"No more mugs!" Sargent exclaimed at one point—Ingres bristled at the thought that he might be considered a mere tracer of likenesses.

But in the case of Ingres, there was nothing "mere" about it. In his best pictures, Ingres's astonishing ability to reproduce what he saw transformed while it portrayed. It is easy to be bowled over by the super-realistic aura of Ingres's portraits. He carefully effaced reminders of the painter's presence in the canvas. He described the practice of allowing brushstrokes to remain visible on the canvas as "an abuse in execution. . . . In place of the object represented, it shows the procedure."

But this new exhibition of portraits reminds us, in its second irony, how artificial the aura of realism can be. Ingres produced paintings that combine inexhaustible attention to detail with breathtaking departures from anatomical accuracy. It is a measure of his skill that we remember the focusing details but submerge the departures in a recollection of richness.

The overall effect is what we might call an aroma of visual exactness. In this sense, Ingres's feat was less to create the illusion of verisimilitude than to deploy the pictorial rhetoric of realism to create the illusion of the illusion of verisimilitude. Ingres achieved the effect of reality by skillfully—if, as I believe, inadvertently—violating the canons of realism.

There is no doubt that Ingres was an artistic prodigy. His earliest known drawing, a copy of a cast of an antique head, is signed "My first drawing, Ingres, 1789." Is it possible that this deft, expertly modeled likeness was dashed off by a nine-year-old? Ingres specialized in such moderately boastful signatures. Which is the more remarkable: that dazzling debut or the supremely confident self-portrait painted in 1858 and proudly inscribed "Painted by himself, age seventy-eight"? (The self-portrait he painted a few years later, in 1865, is even more remarkable.)

Ingres, the oldest of seven children, was singled out early on by his father, Jean-Marie-Joseph—an artist of modest accomplishment in Montauban in the south of France—for special treatment on account of his talent. (An affectionate portrait of Ingres *père* is included in the exhibition and reveals a noticeable family resemblance, though Joseph displays a softer, less determined, less craggy countenance than his famous son.)

From 1791 to 1797, Ingres studied painting in Toulouse (where his father had gone to teach). He also studied the violin, and soon became proficient enough to perform with the Toulouse orchestra. In August 1796, he moved to Paris to study with the great neoclassical painter Jacques-Louis David. Already Ingres's eccentricity was competing with his passion for visual fidelity. David encouraged his young student, but noted

Roger Kimball is managing editor of THE NEW CRITERION.

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that he displayed "a tendency toward exaggeration in his studies." As Ingres developed, this tendency settled into a habit. "Exaggeration," the critic Charles Blanc observed, "was the distinctive trait of his character and mind."

By the time Charles Baudelaire began writing about Ingres—first in the 1840s, then at length when there was a retrospective of Ingres's work at the Exposition Universelle in 1855—he noted that "strangeness is not among the least charms of his genius." Baudelaire even spoke of a certain "freakishness" in Ingres's art, dilating particularly, as many critics have done, on Ingres's anatomical distortions: an "egregious leg," "a navel which has strayed in the direction of the ribs, or a breast which points too much towards the armpit."

What is remarkable is that Ingres's reputation as a realist should survive, indeed thrive upon, such manifold distortions. No woman shaped like Ingres's famously elongated Odalisques (a chiropractor's nightmare) would be accounted beautiful in life; yet those paintings have emerged as archetypes of feminine sensuousness on canvas.

Ingres longed to dispense with the "neo" in neoclassical. Although he absorbed a great deal from his teacher, his ideal was not the didactic heroism preached by David, but the more supple variety exemplified by Raphael. A comparison of a truly bizarre picture like Ingres's *Jupiter and Thetis* (1811) with something like Raphael's *School of Athens* (1511) suggests the distance he would have had to traverse to attain his ideal.

It is not surprising that Ingres hankered after classicism with an intensity that can justly be called Romantic. Ingres called his great antipode Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863) an "apostle of ugliness," and the younger painter harbored similar feelings about Ingres. But just as Delacroix turned out to have been far more classical in his sensibility than his detractors would admit or his less critical admirers acknowledge, so Ingres turned out to be far more subjective and given to idealization than his profession of naturalism seemed to allow. As Walter Pach observed in his sensitive 1939 book on Ingres, Delacroix's painting,

> with all its flame and smoke, soon makes us aware that it is informed with classical measure and balance; and in the same way, that which seemed at first the antique limpidity of Ingres reveals . . . a new and truer character. It becomes a thing of unsuspected depths, and so partakes of that adventure . . . which we call Romantic.

Still, few things irritated Ingres more than the charge—or, as it often happened, the commendation—that he "idealized" his sitters. "I copied him in the most servile way," Ingres exclaimed in exasperation when a friend innocently admired the way he had "embellished" a model. "I don't idealize."

If idealization requires intention, perhaps not. Yet anyone familiar with Ingres's art can well understand why Baudelaire should casually assure his readers that Ingres "holds that nature ought to be corrected and improved." For Ingres, the passion for fidelity required such corrections and improvements—which, being undertaken in the name of nature, had to be accounted revelations. "Let us seek to please," Ingres said, "so that we may better impose the true. It is not with vinegar that one catches flies, it is with honey and sugar." Doubtless it would be impertinent to remark on the fact that flies come into the equation at all.

Ingres's prodigious talent assured an early triumph. In 1800, he shared second place in the Prix de Rome competition; in 1801, he won it (though his trip to Italy was postponed until 1806 because of the parlous state of the French government's finances). Nevertheless, Ingres's Salon entries began attracting as much opprobrium as adulation. As he departed further and further from the strictures of Davidian neoclassicism—with its prescribed palette and conventions of modeling and shading figures—he found himself increasingly out of critical favor. The criticism grew so hostile that Ingres eventually swore he would never participate in another Salon, a vow he kept until 1855.

Ingres's first serious setback came in 1806, shortly after he had arrived in Rome. Among the paintings he sent to the Salon that year was *Madame Philibert Rivière*. It is a splendid work, simultaneously luscious and taut. Yet one can understand why critics, brought up on David, would castigate it as "primitive" and "Gothic." It represents the very antithesis of Davidian drama and idealized historical reenactment.

The exhibition catalogue describes the sumptuously clad Madame Rivière as "frozen in time": "like a butterfly pressed under glass, she remains immobile in her airless shallow space." Ingres presents the elegant society lady in iconic, enameled stasis. He has arranged the image in an exquisitely balanced arcing diagonal within the oval canvas, but only at the cost of elongating Madame Riv-

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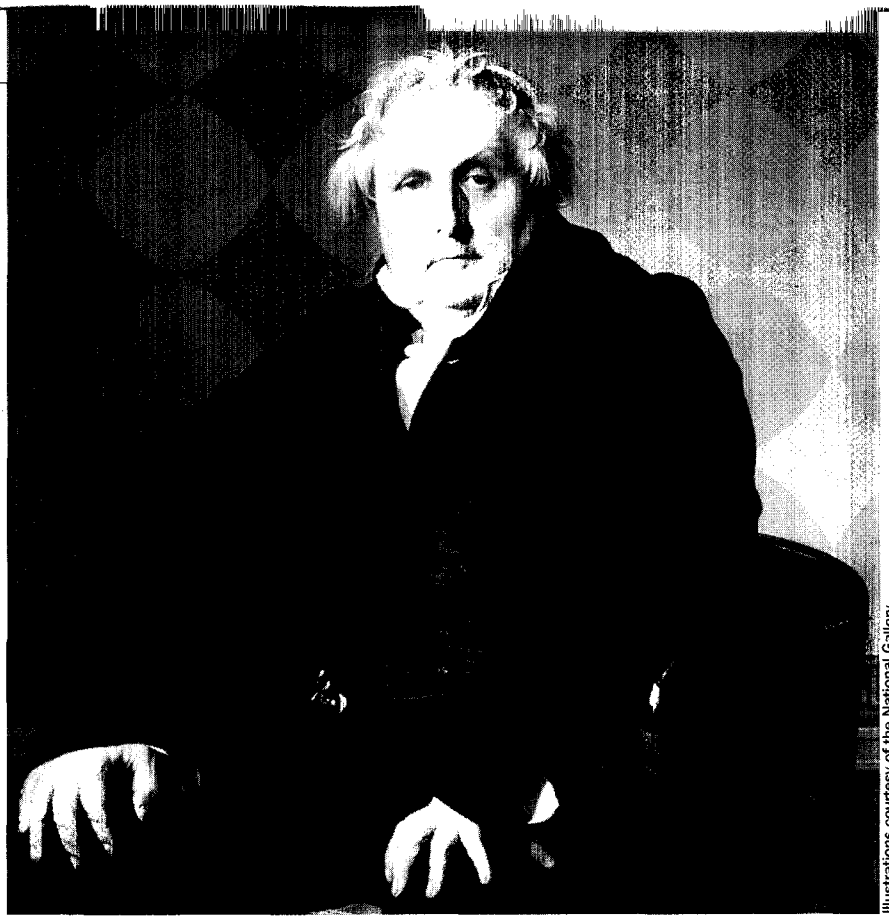
ière's right arm fantastically (indeed, her right hand could belong to someone else). The opulent cashmere shawl is painted with dazzling authority, yet its every fold seems arrested: not so much flowing as having flowed. In this painting, the third dimension, the dimension that action and history require, is distilled to a mirror image of itself. What it offers is delectation, not edification: a pleasure, not a moral.

It is not at all clear that Ingres would have approved of this. He believed that his passion for beauty was continuous with his "classicism," advocacy of nature with his insistence on truth. In many of his best pictures, however—and especially his pictures featuring women—Ingres achieves his most striking effects by disjunction. He embeds souvenirs of reality in a context stripped of contingency. His anatomical distortions and selective use of shadow and modeling compress the space in his pictures by several atmospheres. Even his famous use of mirrors to reflect the neck and back of his subjects—in the portrait of the *Vicomtesse d'Haussonville*, for example, the luxurious portrait of *Madame de Senonnes* (1814), or the late tour de force *Madame Moitessier Seated* (1856)—has a tendency to push the picture in on itself. It is in this sense that Ingres may be said to "idealize" his subjects. He does not flatter them (as, say, Sargent flattered his sitters); he exempts them from change.

The German art historian Wilhelm Worringer, in his classic 1908 monograph *Abstraction and Empathy*, conjectured that the "urge to abstraction" in art was tied to "the possibility of taking the individual thing of the external world out of its arbitrariness and seeming fortuitousness, of eternalizing it by approximation to abstract forms and, in this manner, of finding a point of tranquillity and a refuge from appearances."

For the visual artist, Worringer wrote, this refuge was to be sought above all in the "strict suppression of the representation of space." It would be absurd to call Ingres an abstract artist. But cutting across his extravagant realism is a bold spatial astringency. The anatomical grotesquerie that cohabits with Ingres's realism is one effect of that compression of space. The iconic, static quality that many of his pictures possess—and that distinguishes them so thoroughly from Delacroix's paintings—is another. If, as the catalogue noted, Madame Rivière appears "frozen in time," the same could be said of many of Ingres's figures—though "frozen out of time" might be a better way of putting it.



Illustrations courtesy of the National Gallery

Ingres's Portrait of Louis-François Bertin *(1832).*
Opposite page: Vicomtesse d'Haussonville *(1845) and the 1804* Self-Portrait.

This impulse to stasis and compression is not present in all of Ingres's art, or even in all of his best. It is absent, for example, from the beautiful if somewhat sketchy 1814 portrait of his beloved first wife, to whom he proposed by letter at the suggestion of friends before ever having laid eyes on her and with whom he lived in great happiness until her death from blood poisoning in 1849. And it is equally absent from one of Ingres's greatest masterpieces, his 1832 portrait of the newspaper magnate Louis-François Bertin. Idealization was undone by affection and intimacy in the first case, perhaps by visceral respect in the second (not for nothing did Manet refer to Ingres's picture of Bertin as "the Buddha of the bourgeoisie").

But the allergy to unfettered space that one senses in much of Ingres's art is one of the things that makes him as much a proto-modernist as an arch-academician. It is also one of the things that made him such a supple resource for later artists from Puvis de Chavannes and Degas to Seurat and Picasso, all of whom recorded their debt to Ingres in their work even when they neglected to mention it aloud.

In his famous epigram "*Le dessin c'est la probité de l'art*"—"Drawing is the integrity of art"—Ingres did not mean by "drawing" simply reproducing contours. "Drawing," he insisted, "is also expression, the inner form, the plane, modeling. See what remains after that."

It might be said that Delacroix showed what remained: shimmering color and an electric sense of movement, for starters.

But *Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch* is a once-in-a-lifetime exhibition. Among other things, it reminds us that character reveals itself not only in action but also in the beckoning tranquility that blossoms where action ends and what Ingres calls "the inner form" of the subject appears in gorgeous if arrested purity. ♦

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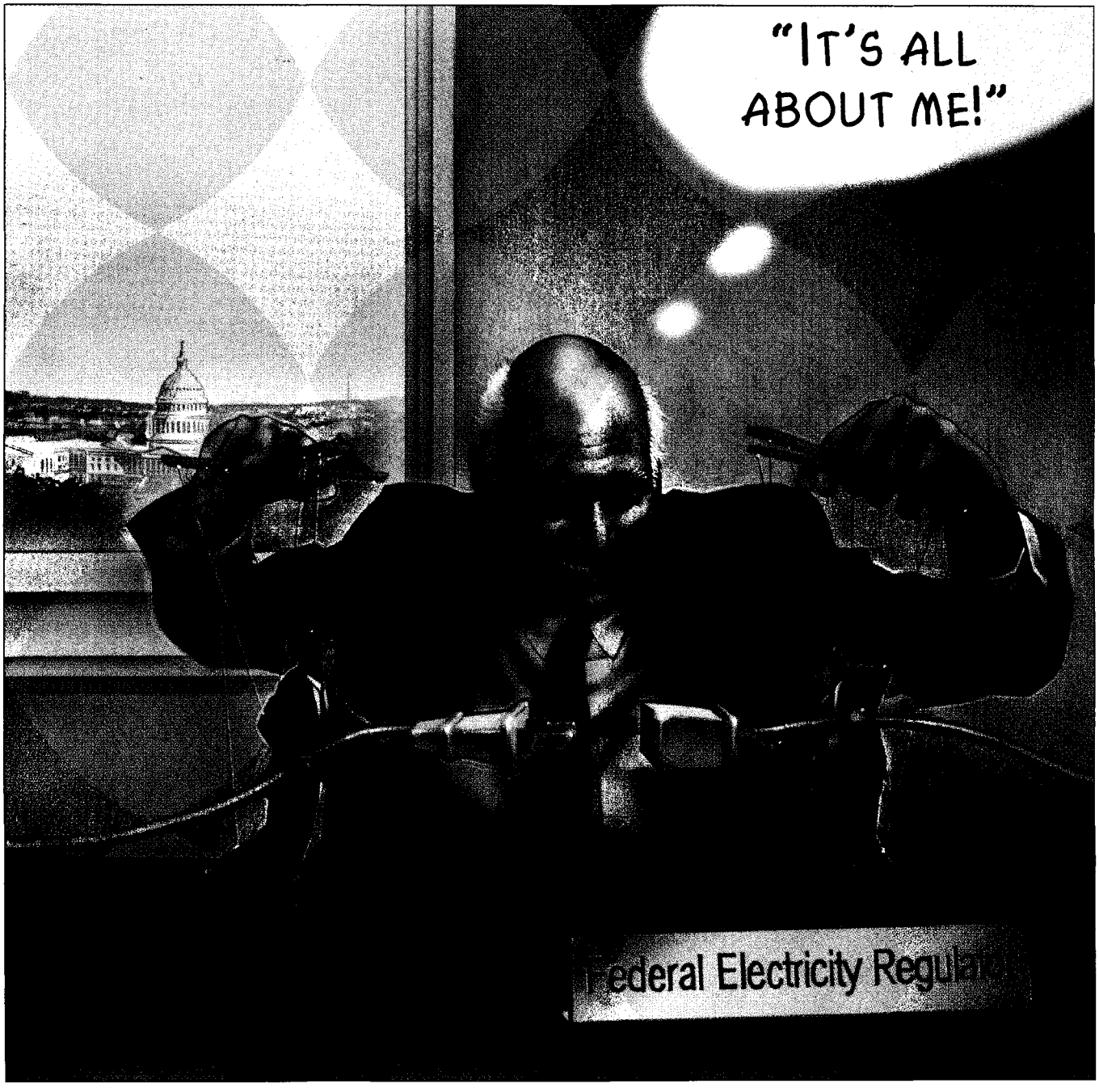
ELECTRICITY — WHO'LL PULL THE STRINGS?

MEET THE REGULATOR



A little-known and often unaccountable federal regulatory agency — the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) — has grandiose plans for itself. We should all be alarmed. More troubling, some members of Congress are active accomplices in this unprecedented regulatory power grab.

The blueprint for FERC's dream of empire is a 300 page proposed rule. It's been a very long time since Washington has seen regulatory empire building this brazen.

The proposed FERC rule makes good on a once fantastic boast — pronounced by then-FERC Commissioner Betsy Moler — that FERC has the authority to regulate electricity "to the toaster."

Aiding and abetting the FERC power grab are certain members of Congress who would grant FERC an array of added powers, if that's possible. For example, the just-introduced Markey-Largent omnibus bill grants FERC additional authority to fix charges, rates and terms of local electricity distribution service.

It's time for Congress to clip FERC's regulatory ambitions and turn back legislation that would only embolden the already zealous federal electricity regulators.

Unleashing a torrent of federal regulation in the name of "deregulation" dishonors the goals of consumer choice and market competition.

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